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G. Dawson



IMMANUEL.

A POEM.

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Immanuel.

A P O E M

Founded on the Inspired Records.

And they shall call his name IMMANUEL, which being interpreted, is "God with us."

ISAIAH—MATTHEW.

Hail! Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song.

MILTON.

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PREFACE.

To Man, possessed of an immortal soul, and richly endowed with all the capacious powers of the human mind, what can be so interesting an object of enquiry, as the nature of that Being to whom he is indebted for existence? What can be so necessary as a correct knowledge of himself and of his great Creator? With these sentiments he looks into the world around him. He there beholds a wonderful display of the wisdom, power, and goodness, of some almighty cause; the bounteous hands of some unseen benefactor every where scattering blessings with a magnificent profusion; and, at the same time, order, design, and harmony prevailing

throughout his works. But he turns his eyes upon himself; and here, alas! he finds nothing but confusion and disorder; and the very blessings, communicated for the purpose of rendering his happiness complete, perverted by misuse from their original design, and, in many instances, subservient only to the accumulation of his misery. To his anxious enquiry, Why is it thus? he can obtain no satisfactory reply until he opens the volumes of divine inspiration. *There*, he is not only furnished with an historical account of his own species from their first formation, and of their fall by sin from that primeval state of happiness in which they were placed; but his liveliest hopes are excited by the revelation of the will of his Creator, and of his merciful design to repair the ruin of the fall, and to raise his fallen creature Man, to the most sublime and mysterious union with Himself.

How this gracious design has been executed, and by what methods carried into effect, the holy scriptures have been most explicit in declaring,

and extracting largely from their sacred contents, the author of the following work, at first for his own instruction and gratification, and now for the perusal of such as may be disposed to favour it with their attention, has exhibited these divine declarations in their present form. Should it not be so interesting to others as to himself, it will not be the fault of the subject he has selected; which in itself is calculated to excite the strongest emotions in the breast of every intelligent being, and sufficiently interesting to cover a multitude of (poetical) sins in the writer.

Conscious indeed of numerous defects in the execution of his work, and not doubting but that, to the critical eye of learning and taste, many more will be apparent, the writer must candidly confess, that to the high character of a poet, a philosopher, or a divine, he prefers no claim; engagements of a different kind chiefly occupy his time and attention, and a few hours redeemed from the busy concerns of life have been all that he could devote to the pro-

secution of his pleasing task. In its publication, his sole aim is (he humbly trusts), as far as in him lies, to spread the honours of his Redeemer-God, and to promote the present as well as the future and everlasting welfare of his fellow men. However feeble his attempt to accomplish such great objects may be, he is consoled and encouraged by the pious reflection with which our excellent and truly christian poet closes one of the best productions of his muse :

But all is in His hand whose praise I seek,

.

Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,

Whose approbation prosper even mine.

IMMANUEL.

PART I.

IMMANUEL.

SPIRIT Divine! descend; celestial Dove,
Who o'er the dark abyss of matter void,
And yet unform'd, didst move and straight produce
This world so fair; His glory to shew forth,
Who spake, and it was done; whose powerful word
Call'd into being the bright worlds above,
And fast they stood. Spirit Divine! descend,
Who erst with Man in innocence didst dwell,
Imparting to his soul communion sweet,
And with his Maker holy intercourse;
Nor wholly didst forsake him, when from bliss
In Paradise, too lightly priz'd, he fell;

Under his heavy woe sustain'd by Thee,
And solac'd by that cheering promise made
E'en in the hour of condemnation just,
That "Woman's seed should bruise the Serpent's head."
This gracious word accomplish'd whilst I sing
To Thee would I look up for aid divine;
O may Thy glory be my highest care,
And if not impious the request be deem'd,
Inspire my tongue to speak in sacred song
His praise who came into this world to die
For guilty man, as once 'Thou didst inspire
The strains of David or of "'rapt Isaiah."
Dwell in my heart, and to my ravish'd soul
Deign to reveal those everlasting truths
Which cannot be discern'd but by Thine aid.

Jesus, the Son of God and Man I sing,
Who from the bosom of the Father came,
The brightness of his glory, and express
And perfect image of the Godhead; veil'd
In flesh he came, IMMANUEL, God with us.

Long had the Jewish rulers and their priests
View'd with malignant eye the wondrous Man;
Their foolish hearts were harden'd, nor discern'd
Under his humble guise, that sov'reign pow'r
By which kings reign and princes rule on earth.
His wisdom pierc'd the deep disguise they wore;
Woe He denounc'd against the hypocrites
Who anise tith'd and cummin, but forsook
Of law the weightier matters, Justice, Truth,
And Mercy mild. Then rage possess'd their breasts
And quick stirr'd up their hate impetuous.
As Ocean's waves 'gainst solid rocks that dash,
When the bleak north wind pours his fury down
Billow on billow heaves and threatens Heav'n,
So rose their impious rage 'gainst Heaven's eternal
King.

In council soon they met to sear his death,
Nor could devise how best to execute
The murd'rous thoughts their hearts had long conceal'd.

Slowly at last the hoary Annas rose
Whose lengthen'd years, and low descending beard
Respect had claim'd, had not the orphan's tears,
And widow's sighs for confidence abus'd,
And trust betray'd, proclaim'd that growth in years
With him was growth in vice. None better knew
Than he, the garb of sanctity to wear,
Or use the same for viler purposes.
Thus he address'd the council grave. " Ye Priests
Of God most High, who in His temple serve,
And rev'rend Elders, say, how long shall we
Submit to hear God's holy name blasphem'd?
His temple threaten'd, and his pow'r defied?
His sacred day profan'd? At crimes like these
My soul recoils amaz'd and stands aghast.
Say, honour'd Elders, and ye learned Scribes,
Is he belov'd of God, who dares contemn
His solemn ord'nance of the day of rest;
That hallow'd seventh day in which to work
Both man and beast Jehovah hath forbid?
No, let the vile wretch die th' accursed death,

Who in despite of God's most holy law
Bids the lame man take up his bed and walk;
Cures by his magic arts the wither'd limb;
And to the prince of devils, Beelzebub,
United, casts them out from those possess'd.
Deceiv'd by hellish arts, the multitude
Call him a prophet, and exalt his name.
Lest they should be offended it behoves
That silently we seize the Nazarene,
Bring him before the Roman governor,
And charge with treason against Cæsar's sway
This base pretender to the Jewish throne;
Then will the fickle people, ever prone
To change th' extreme of love to direst hate,
Seeing him bound, accus'd, and in our pow'r,
With voices loud demand his instant death.
Of late amongst the follow'rs, I've seen,
Of this impostor, one whose downcast looks
And features sly betray a sordid mind;
Him let us aim to win to our just cause
By promises or more persuasive gold.

Informed thus of his most secret haunts,
Of trusty servants we may send a guard
In midnight's deepest shade to seize the wretch."

Thus to the council spake the aged priest.
Gleams of malicious joy now shot athwart
The gloom that hung upon their solemn brows.
So may be seen a blue and sulph'rous flame
Rise from the embers of some latent fire,
And only serve to make more horrible
That darkness which before was black as night.
Already in their busy thoughts they view'd
The object of their cruel hate arraign'd,
Condemn'd at Pilate's bar, and crucified.

"Well hast thou spoken, rev'rend sire," replied
The high priest who presided, Caiphas;
"Such wisdom ever should proceed from age:
Within thee dwells the Spirit of the High'st,
Whose inspiration was vouchsaf'd to me
As late I minister'd before the ark,

Declaring to my secret thoughts that now
The time draws near when one man crucified
Should save our race; expedient it is,
Nor should we suffer this man's haughty claims
T' offend the Roman power and rouse its ire."

Priests, Scribes, and Elders all with one acclaim
Speak their consent, and urge to execute,
Without delay, th' unhallow'd murd'rous scheme.

Meantime, the Saviour of Mankind intent
On his great work now hast'ning to a close,
With his disciples ate the passover;
And knowing all things that should come to pass,
Compassionate, he thus prepar'd their minds
To meet th' approaching hour of misery—
The hour of Satan and the pow'rs of Hell.
But first a pattern of humility
And Christian love he set before their eyes,
To end their wayward folly and their strife,
Which should be greatest of his chosen twelve?

He knowing that all pow'r was giv'n to him
In Heav'n and Earth, by his Almighty Sire,
Rising from supper laid aside his vest
And garments loose; then cleansing water took
Their soiled feet to wash. Astonishment
Seiz'd all; but chiefly Peter who forbade
His Lord for him this menial part to act,
"Till Jesus urg'd him with this mild reproof:
" Peter, my purpose is not known to thee,
Nor dost thou comprehend what I would teach;
Hereafter thou shalt know, at present learn,
Except I wash thee, thou wilt have with me
No part." Rous'd by these words he quick replied,
" Not my feet only, Lord, but hands and head."

Surprize yet mix'd with grateful joy now fill'd
Each breast. And thus (his garments first resum'd)
With accents mild the Saviour held discourse:
" Ye call me Lord and Master, ye do well—
For such I am—behold what I have done—
If I your Lord have wash'd my servant's feet,

It is that ye should still pursue my steps,
And each for other take the kindest care.
Princes indeed who rule in Gentile lands,
Over their subjects reign with glitt'ring pomp
And arbitrary sway; not so with you,
Let him that will be chief amongst you serve
With patient toil his meaner brethren's wants,
Nor shun the humblest offices of love:
So shall ye be my servants and my friends."

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With energy divine these words allay'd
Th' aspiring passion rising in their breasts.
Shame for the past was quick succeeded by
Lowliest humility and meekest love.
Into their hearts thus soften'd he now pour'd
The balm of consolation. "Ye are they
Who in my trials have continued still
My faithful friends; and I appoint to you
A kingdom such as unto me is given.
Hereafter ye shall sit on thrones to judge
Israel's twelve tribes. I speak not of you all,

I know my chosen, and that there is one
Of whom the scriptures speak in prophecy,
Who though he eateth with me shall lift up
His heel against me. And of this, I now
Forewarn you all, that when it come to pass
Ye may believe that I am he ye trust."

And well the Saviour knew the treach'rous
thoughts

With which the heart of Judas then was fill'd ;
Judas Iscariot who held the purse,
The common store of all the little flock.
Small though it were, yet oft within his breast,
He felt the dæmon Avarice impel
Him to purloin e'en from their scanty stock.
Gold was his god, for this he scrupled not
To join himself to one despis'd of men;
For he had seen his mighty works, and thought
That Christ was he who soon should extricate
The Jewish people from the Roman yoke ;
And then assuming to himself all pow'r,

Amongst his followers would divide the realm,
And thus his darling lust be satisfied.

But now perceiving from our Lord's discourse
That such intent was far from his high aim,
With disappointment stung and dire revenge,
Satan, who knows the happiest hour to tempt,
Presented to his mind a ready way
Whereby at once his rage to gratify
And lust of gold, e'en to betray his Lord
To those who well he knew had sought his life
With deadliest hate. Nor could the Saviour view,
Without emotion, all the horrid train
Of thoughts that pass'd within the traitor's breast.
With deep drawn sighs he testified and said,
“ Verily, verily, I see the hand
Extended on the table of that man
Who shall betray me.”—Who can paint the grief,
Surprize, and terror which by turns possess'd
The hearts of those who heard. “ Lord is it I?”
Their trembling lips scarce speak. To John they
turn

(John the belov'd disciple of the Lord,
Who next him sate, and on his bosom lean'd;)
Desiring him to ask the dreadful truth
They fear'd to know. "Who is it Lord?" he said,
In whisper low; Jesus as low replied,
"It is the man to whom I give a crust
Dipt in the sauce of dates, Iscariot."

Then louder sounded in their ears these words,
"The Son of Man indeed must be betray'd,
As hath been said of him in holy writ;
But dreadful woe awaits the guilty wretch
Who shall betray him. Better had it been
For that man never to have seen the light,
Or that a millstone hung around his neck
Had sunk him into Ocean's deepest caves,
Ere crime like this he had consummated."

Judas determin'd on the treach'rous deed,
No warning took from woe so great denounc'd,
But headlong rushing into guilt, address'd
The Heart Searcher with feigned ignorance;

“ Lord is it I?”—“ Thou art,” replied the Lord;
“ Do quickly that thou dost.”—Impell’d by shame
And rage Satanic straight his way he took
To where the Elders still in council sate,
Who gladly listen’d to his proffer’d terms.
Of silver thirty pieces was the price
At which they valu’d life invaluable.

The traitor absent, Jesus thus address’d
His true disciples: “ Now the time is come
The Son of Man to glorify, and God
In him. My children but a few short hours
I shall be with you. Whither I then go
Ye cannot come, as late ye heard me speak
To Jewish multitude. But mark my words,
And the commandment which I now bequeath;
That the same love ye to each other shew
Which I have shewn for you. By this shall all
Know my disciples; by the love they bear
One to another.”—Here the Saviour paus’d.
Peter recalling his mysterious words

An explanation sought. “ Lord cannot I
Follow thee where thou goest, e’en to death?
For thy sake I would part with all the joys
That life itself imparts. For thy dear sake
Cheerful I’ll go to prison or to death.”

“ O Simon, Simon,” thus the Lord replied,
“ Satan now tempts thee in thy strength to trust,
And hath desir’d by fierce assaults to try
Thy wav’ring faith, to sift thee e’en as wheat:
But I have pray’d that he may not prevail;
Then, when thy wand’ring feet again are turn’d,
Direct and strengthen thy weak brethren’s faith.
Before the cock crow, thou shalt thrice deny
That me thou know’st.”—These warning words the ear
Of Peter, heedless pass’d, firmly resolv’d
To part with all for one he held so dear.

And now in finishing the paschal meal
Jesus took bread, and bless’d, and brake the loaf.
Then giving each a portion said, “ Take, eat,

This is my body, broken, bruise'd for you;
Do this in memory of my dying love."

A cup also he took, fill'd with the juice
Of Eschol's grapes; then with uplifted hands
Grateful express'd his filial love and joy.
"Father! I thank thee, Lord of Heav'n and Earth,
That Thou hast deign'd to visit guilty man
With reconciling grace, and to accept
My offer'd blood, whereof this cup's the sign:
Drink ye all of it, for it is the seal
Of the new cov'nant with my Father made:
It is my blood for you a ransom shed,
And many souls whose sins shall be forgiv'n.
But verily I drink no more the juice
Of vines, nor taste this hallow'd cup until
I meet you in a better world above,
The kingdom of my Father; where new wine,
Refreshing to the soul's immortal pow'rs
With you I will partake."—He ceas'd; but still
His gracious words resounded in their ears

And warm'd their hearts, till breaking forth in song,
With sacred melody they hymn'd His praise,
Who thus with peace and joy their breasts had fill'd.
“Praise to His name,” they sung, “who in times past
His Israel sav'd from Egypt's cruel bonds;
Then God was known in Judah as their king;
Then as he gave his law from Sinai's hill,
The mountains at his presence skipp'd like rams,
And fled the waters; Jordan's yellow stream
Divided, back to it's source retrn'd. O Sea,
Why fleddest thou? what ailed thee, thou stream;
Ye mountains and ye little hills around?
His pow'r ye knew and presence of your God.
Not unto us, O Lord, but to thy name
Be glory giv'n. O Isr'el, trust thy God,
He is thy Sun and Shield. All ye that fear
His holy name, trust him; for ever trust,
Nor dread the fierce assaults of Sin and Hell.
What shall we render for his benefits
Conferr'd on us unworthy of the least
Of all his mercies? Let us take the cup

Of his salvation, and declare to all,
His gracious acts of mercy and of truth,
Of mercy which for ever shall endure."

From hearts sincere, and fired by love divine,
Such praise ascended to th' eternal throne
Of God most High, who with complacency,
(Ever well pleas'd with his beloved Son)
Heard them proclaim the glory of His name.

IMMANUEL.

PART II.

IMMANUEL.

OH for thy pen, inspir'd, beloved John,
Dipt in the stream that flows hard by the throne
Of Heaven's eternal King, and life and joy
Dispenses through the shining ranks above.
Nor deem it sin if venturous I raise
My hand to that fair tree of life that grows
Fed by its living waters, and whose leaves
Are healing for the nations. I would pluck
With eager grasp its soul-reviving fruit,
And with its flow'rs entwin'd, a wreath would form
To cast before the feet of him that sits
Upon the throne, the Lamb that once was slain.

Thy pen alone, seraphic John, records,
Sweeter than honey dropping from the comb,
The words which fell from our IMMANUEL'S lips,
As through the garden of Gethsemane,
By Kedron's winding brook he bent his way.
The sun declining shed his evening rays
Reflected on the heights of Olivet;
That mount where oft his gracious words were heard
Gently descending like the morning dew.

Now hush'd was every breeze, no busy sound
The silent vale disturb'd. The faithful twelve,
Save one, follow'd their Lord, their hearts elate
With trust in Him whose praise so late they sung.
But soon recalling to their scatter'd thoughts
The absent Judas, and mysterious words
At supper spoken by their much-lov'd Lord;
Anxious forebodings fill'd their troubled breasts,
Which Jesus, to dispel thus careful sought.

“ Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe
In God, believe in me. And surely know,

That in my Father's house, mansions there are
Where sorrow enters not, nor sin defiles.
There shall ye dwell, because I go to take
Possession in your name, that where I am
Ye may abide.—I am the way—the truth;
In *me* is life eternal, and by *me*
The Father's known. If ye know *me* aright
Ye know my Father also, and henceforth
Ye have both known and seen him.—Philip saith,
“ Shew us the Father, and it doth suffice
Our anxious longing hopes.” Jesus replied,
“ Hast thou not known me, Philip, nor yet seen
The Father's pow'r and glory in my works?
Be strong in faith, and greater works than these
Shall ye do in my name. Love and obey
With active zeal the precepts I have giv'n;
Then will I pray the Father, who shall send
The Comforter—Spirit of truth and grace—
Him the world knoweth not, but ye shall know,
For he shall dwell in your renewed hearts,
Teaching you all things that ye know not now.

He that hath my commandments, and doth keep
My words, he loveth me, and hath my love.

“ Let not your heart be troubled nor afraid,
Though hence I go, if ye indeed love me,
Ye will rejoice that I shall soon enjoy
My Father's presence in this human form,
Who greater is than I allied to flesh.
I am the vine my Father cultivates,
Ye are the branches. If ye abide in me
And I in you, such life and energy
My words impart; that ye shall bear much fruit,
And keeping my commandments, glorify
My heav'nly Father. Then are ye my friends
When ye do all that in your ears I've taught.
His master's will the servant knoweth not,
But ye as friends shall know my secret mind,
And all the Father hath declar'd to me.
You have I chosen, and ordain'd to go
Forth to the world, where ye will fruit produce
Which shall remain to latest period;

And whatsoever in my name ye ask
My Father heareth, and will ever grant.
The world will hate you as it hateth me,
The gay licentious world, who little think
They hate the Father too. My works they've seen
(Which plainly have declar'd th' all pow'rful God)
And hated both my Father and myself
Without a cause; as was indeed made known
By prophets and by holy men of old;
But fear ye not their malice nor their hate.
The Comforter whom I shall send, e'en he
Who from the Father doth proceed, shall bear
His pow'rful witness to the sacred truths
Ye shall declare. Be not discourag'd then
Though from the synagogue cast out with rage
Insatiate but with your forfeit life,
Which whosoe'er shall take away, will think
(So blind is sin) he service doth to God.
Your hearts I would not fill with grief, nath'less
The truth I speak. It is expedient
That hence I go and send the Comforter.

The world shall he convince of sin, and shew
My Truth and Righteousness; for all things that
The Father hath are mine. A little while
And hence I go; again a little while,
And I return. What though at first the world,
Mistaken world, rejoice, and ye lament,
Your sorrow shall be quickly turn'd to joy.
In me ye shall have peace, though in the world
Sorrow and tribulation ye endure;
But fear ye not, the world I've overcome."

These words he spake, then with uplifted eyes
He thus address'd his Father's gracious ear:
" Father, the hour is come, now glorify
Thy son, that he may glorify thy name:
According to the covenant whereby
Pow'r and dominion were bestow'd on him,
That he should life eternal grant to those
Whom thou hast given him. And this is Life,
To know Thee, the true God, and Jesus Christ
Whom thou hast sent. Thee have I glorified

On earth, and shall accomplish all the work
Thou gavest me to do. To Thee I come,
O holy Father! keep through thine own name
My faithful followers, and them unite,
Even as we united are in One.
I pray for them, I pray not for the world
Which hateth them, nor that thou shouldest take
Them from the world; but that thou wilt preserve
My chosen from all ill, and sanctify
Their hearts by Truth; thy word is lasting Truth.
Nor do I pray for these alone, but all
Who shall believe their word; that all may be
United; as, thou Father! art in me,
And I in thee, may they be one in us.
Father! I will that they shall ever be
With me in heaven above, there to behold
That glory which ere Earth's foundations were,
Thou didst prepare for me."

Thus pray'd our Lord,
Fervent, effectual, interceding pray'r;

So doth a shepherd guard his simple flock
From the fell wolf who prowling thirsts for blood.
So doth the hen gather her little brood
Under her fost'ring wings when danger's near.

Meantime the *Hour* approach'd, and evening
shades
Gather'd around. The sun in clouds had set,
Hoarse murm'ring winds 'gan rise, and shiv'ring
rain
In quick succeeding showers now drizzling fell:
When Jesus, knowing all the Father's will—
His curse denounc'd upon the sinner's head,
And vengeful wrath 'gainst sin's defiling pow'r—
With anguish and amazement view'd the weight,
The heavy load of sin he must sustain.
What horror fill'd his soul, when o'er the crimes
Of guilty man, (a long black catalogue,
Fit only for a dæmon to record,
Though springing from the first great parent sin
Of man's departure from the living God)

Justice he knew with arm uplifted held
Its blazing sword unsheath'd, prepared to strike
The daring rebel down to Hell's dark shades;
Where conscience, gnawing worm, doth never die,
Nor anguish intermit; where "hope ne'er comes,"
Where malice, lust, and pride, those fires of hell
For ever burning in the sinner's breast,
Impel to dev'lish deeds of furious hate.
Such horror thrill'd through every nerve, that scarce
Could life retain its seat, nor the heart's blood
Flow in its wonted course. Aid from above
He sought, then calling Peter, James and John,
(Two sons of Zebedee) "Watch here," he saith,
"And tarry whilst to yonder grove I go
To pour out all my soul in secret pray'r:
Danger approaches, and most awful dread
O'erwhelms me e'en to death. Watch ye and pray
That evil tempt you not."

Retiring then

Within the shady copse, he found retreat,

Where humbly prostrate on his knees he fell,
And bowing to the ground, his mouth in dust,
Weigh'd down with sin's imputed guilt, thus sought
His Father's face. "O Abba, Father, hear
Thy suppliant son. All things are possible
With Thee, and if consistent with thy Truth
Eternal, and thy holy will, O spare!
Spare, thy devoted son from this dread hour;
But not my will, but thine, O God, be done!"

This heard the sovereign Arbiter, who sate
High on his topless throne of glory bright,
(Light inaccessible to mortal eye.)
There spirits pure at humble distance stand,
And bowing veil their faces with their wings,
Filled with heav'nly rapture, whilst they cry
"O holy! holy! holy! Lord our God."
He heard, e'en He who loveth them that fear
His name on earth, as tender parents love
Their infant offspring, and who knows our frame,
Remembers we are feeble and but dust.

He saw his Son's deep agony—his own
Beloved Son, in mortal flesh array'd
And all its weakness, 'rest of power divine
That he might bear the curse for guilty man,
And all the Father mov'd within his breast.
On either hand his ministers attend,
Mercy and Justice, Truth and Righteousness,
Wisdom and Pow'r, these ever guard his throne,
Direct his counsels, and obey his will.
The Almighty voice they heard o'er heaven's high arch
Resounding as the noise of many waves :
“ Plead now,” it saith, “ the cause of God and Man,
Shall yonder mine anointed die the death
For sinful man, and suffer in his stead,
Or mortal man receive his final doom?
Behold ye not his anguish and his woe,
Whilst all the pow'rs of darkness hover round,
Raging with malice, and instilling dread
And horror in his breast? Meanwhile his friends,
His chosen and beloved, him forsake,
Or sunk in sleep neglect his thrice made charge

Nor one short hour can watch and guard their Lord ;
Though still compassionate he seeks excuse,
And loves them to the end. Behold ye not
His bitter agony, in bloody drops
Distilling from his worn-out mortal frame,
And falling to the earth in clotted gore?
Already is the sacrifice begun,
And his atoning blood already flows.
Of man's first disobedience now he feels
The dire effect, strange anguish to the soul
That sinneth against me, long since decreed.
But heavier woe ensues, the soul that sins
Must die th' accursed death, and unsustain'd,
Forsaken by its God. Ye spirits pure
And holy cannot know, the mighty sum
Of woe cannot compute (though in quick glance
All numbers short of infinite ye scan)
That soon must fall on that devoted head,
Not for his own, but other's sins, who dies.
Say, flaming angel, what are thy just claims?
Meantime, my Gabriel, go, sustain the Man,

Bind up his broken heart, assuage his grief,
Reanimate with vigour his whole frame
Already sinking into death's cold arms."

Th' Almighty ceas'd. Before him prostrate fell
The heavenly hierarchy adoring. Down flew
To earth the ready messenger, more swift
Than lightning's speed.

Justice drew near the throne,
Then lowly bending fore the Highest spake :
" O Thou, who sit'st enthron'd in dazzling light
Of thine own glory, and whose will is law
To all whom thou hast made, with pow'rs how great
Soever they be formed ; just are thy ways,
And righteous all thy works ; still thou dost deign
Thy ways to vindicate, and to explain
To creatures of thy pow'r, thy mind and will.
On me, O glorious majesty of Heaven,
Thou callest to declare abroad my claims
Eternal and unchanging as thyself.

“ When yon fair orb from chaos wild was form’d,
I saw the blest creation, heard thy voice
Pronounce it good. When o’er its rising hills
And sloping vales, with speckled verdure gay,
Earth’s luminary risen pour’d its light,
Displaying to mine eyes thy wondrous work,
Only begotten and eternal Son !
Thy servants sang for joy, the morning stars
Join’d th’ harmonious concert to thy praise,
And heaven itself was fill’d with brighter beams.
Slowly revolving Earth was seen to move
Presenting to my view its varied store
Of nature’s gifts. But chief I look’d attent
On one sequester’d spot, man’s happy seat ;
Where cull’d with choicest care each herb and tree
Most grateful to the sight, or smell, or taste
Were found. In balmy fragrance breath’d the air,
The sun its gentlest rays imparted here,
All nature joyous seem’d, and e’en the brutes
Instinctive prais’d their God. Joy still’d the roar
Of sinewy lion and the leopard gay,

Rejoicing in their strength, mild as the lamb
Who frisking play'd around and knew not fear.
The happy birds here rising wing'd their way,
There sailing slow in airy circles mov'd,
And then descending, in one chorus join'd,
Chirping their Maker's praise. In streams were
seen

Fishes disporting, and their glitt'ring scales
Like sunbeams sparkling. Peace and joy here
reign'd.

To this abode of Man full oft I saw
The Son of God descend, and hold converse
With the then happy pair his pow'r had form'd.
Then was his chief delight to dwell with Man,
Form'd in his own bright image, and of mind
Capacious to receive the noblest truths
A God could teach. God-like, erect, Man stood,
And knew no sinful fear when he approach'd
The Author of his being, but as man
With man holds friendly intercourse, so he
With his great Maker daily held discourse.

The Woman too of gentler mould, and form
More lovely fair, would oft (her duty done,
Her pleasing duty then t' administer
To him for whom she was an helpmate meet)
Seek out the shady arbour where was found
Thy glorious Son, O God, and the first man
Knowledge and truth imbibing from his lips.
Delighted would she listen to his voice,
Harmonious as the spheres, sweeter than sounds
The dulcet minstrelsy of Heav'n thy praise.

‘ O Adam, first of Men, and blest of God,
(Thus spake the Son) know thy high destiny
And wherefore thou art form'd. Seest thou this
earth

Spontaneous bringing forth whate'er can please
The various senses which to thee belong?
Seest thou yon orb, streaming its flood of light
Exhaustless o'er all nature, then retire
New beauties to display to thee by night?
The moon's pale beams soft falling in the lake,

A smooth expanse, which to thy wond'ring sight
Reflects the shining brilliants of the sky?
All these were made for thee, and thou for God.
For thee doth earth upon its axis move,
For thee the sun doth shine, and moon and stars
Their courses keep. For thee the beasts and birds,
Fishes and creeping things display His power
Who form'd them all. Thou art enthron'd on earth
Creation's Lord, nor yet in heav'n unknown;
For thee shall angels hither bend their wings,
Pleas'd with thy residence shall here attend,
Make known to thee their heav'nly mysteries,
And show their blest employments in that world,
To which thou mayst aspire, when years mature
And pow'rs improv'd render thee fit for heav'n.
Th' Almighty Father will himself make known
Through th' Eternal Spirit to thy soul,
Whose pow'rs shall still expand as years roll on.
With joy and holy rapture shalt thou learn
His infinite perfections, and adore
Him who is All in All, who justly claims

Homage from all the creatures of his pow'r,
And claims thy love, thy heartfelt highest love,
Withhold it not. Hear the command of God
Which now I give thee as a ready test
Of thine obedience. Of all the trees
In this fair garden mayst thou freely eat;
But to the tree of knowledge, whose sad fruit,
Though tempting to thine eye, contains the seeds
Of evil and of death, lift not thine hand.
Beware thou touch it not, for in the day
That thou shalt eat thereof thou surely diest;
And in thy death, thou shalt destruction bring
On all of whom the fed'ral head thy God
Hath constituted thee. Hear and obey.'
Thus spake the Son, then bless'd the happy pair
And parting from them heaven's high courts soon
gain'd.

“Nor was the test refus'd; Adam with joy,
Which ever flows from innocence, began
Thus to address the sharer of his bliss:

‘ O Eve, hast thou not heard the gracious words
Of our lov’d Maker? What can we desire
That he hath not vouchsafed to bestow?
This fair creation, Earth, and Heav’n are ours,
And God will be our God; whom more to know
My spirit almost faints with strong desire,
And not in vain; to us he will display
His glorious attributes; His praise shall be
Our blest employment in this happy world;
To children’s children will we teach his name,
(Those scions which in time from thee shall spring
And people this vast earth) a num’rous seed
To God devote, who still shall offer praise
Their daily sacrifice, when we, remov’d
To brighter worlds, shall join th’ angelic choir
In heav’nly strains. O let the dreadful thought
Be banish’d from our minds, that we should e’er
Rebel against that God, in whom we live—
Whose mighty pow’r hath fram’d this universe,
A dwelling fit for those he loves—that God,
Whose smile alone and approbation kind

Is all our life and joy. Forbid the thought
That we should e'er transgress his great command,
And pluck yon pois'nous, tempting, deadly fruit.
Then need not death ensue, His awful frown
Would pierce our very soul—his favour lost,
Like an o'erwhelming weight would crush our pow'rs,
And straight reduce to that orig'nal state
Of nothingness, from whence we sprang.'

“Thus he,

The sire of men, to his fair partner Eve :
Whose kindred soul had warm'd to ecstasy,
'Glow'd with one love, with one resentment burn'd,'
As still she listen'd to his ardent words.

‘ O Adam’ (then with gentlest grace she spake),
‘ Thou monarch of the world, be thou to me
For God. Show me the way of heav'nly Truth
And Wisdom, that shall crown our happy state;
Then introduce me to those seats above,
Where angels, the blest ministers of God,

Dwell in his presence ever, and thence draw
Fulness of joy and never-failing bliss.
Meantime this earth shall be to us a heav'n,
Thy manly sense shall still direct my way,
And teach me to avoid forbidden paths.
Taught by thy God, thou shalt explain to me
His wondrous works, and his still brighter name
That shines above his works, his attributes
Divine, his Justice, Truth, and Holiness.
Delighted still with thee I'll range these fields,
And spend the happy day or share the night
In numb'ring o'er the bounties of our God,
Whose praises still shall dwell upon our tongue.'

“These words the ear of Adam enter'd quick,
Nor loiter'd there, but to his heart made way,
Seizing by sweet surprize his inmost soul
With love intense. ‘Dearest of all my joys,’
(Said he to the fair mother of mankind)
‘Not half so lovely to my ravish'd heart,
Are now thy beauteous form—thy winning charms,—

Thy matchless graces—and thine angel face
Beaming with love and pleasure from thine eyes,
Though these of earthly good the sum and crown,
As are the higher beauties of thy soul—
Thy modest grace, thy pure simplicity—
Thy lowly meekness, and thy pious love,
That brightest jewel to my charmed eyes.
Now know I that my Maker hath bestow'd
All that a God can give, supremest bliss,
And crown'd my life with never-failing joys,
Doubled when shar'd with thee in Earth or Heav'n.'

“ Link'd hand in hand, the happy pair then
kneel'd,
United vows to make, O heavenly King!
To thy great name.—‘ Ever to be ador'd!’
(Thus breath'd they forth the warm impassion'd pray'r)
‘ All bounteous God! whose mighty pow'r hath
fram'd
This vast creation, and who here hast plac'd
Whatever can delight our sense, or raise,

By Contemplation's noble pow'rs, our souls
To Thine own self. Fountain of light and life,
Source of eternal joy, deign to accept
The solemn pledge we make of endless love
And prompt obedience to thy wise commands.
T' obey is to enjoy, but to depart
Even in thought from Thee, the ever-blest,
Is sin and woe. This thy great Son hath taught,
And shown us all that dreadful doom denounc'd
Upon the man who disobeys thy will.
Righteous art thou, O God, in all thy ways :
Forewarn'd, no plea can e'er come from our lips,
If ever in our thoughts, or words, or deeds,
We should transgress thy kind and gracious law.
But oh ! our heav'nly Father, now vouchsafe
To bend thine ear to our most solemn vow
Of love and duty proffer'd to thy name.
Thou art our God, in thee we live and move,
Thy bounteous hands have crown'd our joyous
lives
With ev'ry blessing that thy pow'r can give ;

To thee be sacred all we have ; Be Thou
Our everlasting portion, and our All.
So was the cov'nant seal'd 'tween God and Man."

Here the recording angel paus'd, as though
Reluctant to unfold the page of Truth,
Some dire event now labour'd on his tongue.
Pause, O my soul ; let Meditation sweet
Bear thee awhile as on an angel's wing
From these low grounds of sorrow and of sin,
To that blest state of Innocence and Peace
In which the parents of our race were found.
Behold their ev'ry pow'r attun'd to love,
Their first and highest love on God, and next
Upon each other fix'd. Love is the bliss
Of Heav'n, and God th' o'erflowing spring is Love.
Plung'd in that sea which knows nor shore nor
bound,
Mayst thou my soul lose ev'ry meaner joy.

IMMANUEL.

PART III.

IMMANUEL.



SHORT interval the Angel made: with look
Severe, and brandish'd flaming sword uprais'd,
He quick resum'd, whilst heav'nly 'spirits round
To his impartial record list'ning stood,
As thus he spake:—" Scarce had the earth
Its course round yonder luminar' half run,
When thy great trump, O God, in heav'n proclaim'd
A solemn act of judgment to be held.
Forth came in countless myriads all the host
That these celestial plains inhabit wide.
Circling around thy throne archangels stood,
Each in their order plac'd, a glorious throng.

Next Principalities and Pow'rs, Scrapp
And Cherubim, with all the younger sons
Of Heav'n; spirits in number infinite,
Expectant, mute, they stood. That solemn sound
But once before had shook this vast concave
When th' aspiring rebel angels fell,
And heard their doom; and shall but once again
When earth's inhabitants to life or death
Shall be adjudg'd. Trembling with fear then came
The Tempter and Accuser of mankind,
(For so thou didst permit, O heav'nly King)
And fiendlike thus his accusation made.
' Behold the man, O God, whom thou has set,
Over thy works to pay thee tribute due
Of loyal service to thy sov'reign sway,
Hath wilfully transgress'd thy known commands,
And hath partaken of the tree whose fruit
Knowledge of good and evil doth impart.
Thou know'st the penalty thou hast affix'd
To such transgression, guilty man must die.'
Thus ended Satan; and thy dreaded frown,

O Lord omnipotent, from these pure seats
Drive th' Accuser to his curs'd abode.

“ In clouds and darkness thou didst then array
Thine awful face, whilst all th' heav'nly host
Astonied were at man's presumptuous guilt;
At length thy voice piercing the clouds was heard,
In solemn accents, making known thy will:—
'Th' arch enemy no triumph shall obtain,
(Thou said'st, Almighty Sovereign of the skies)
O'er fallen man, seduc'd by his own wiles.
Man shall find mercy; yet my great decree
Must be fulfill'd, and death, eternal death,
Sin must attend; but who amongst the Sons
Of Light, the penalty will dare sustain
For sinful man?”

“ Then silence was in Heav'n,
Surety or intercessor none appear'd.
Not one amidst the innumerable host
Was found the dreadful punishment to bear.

Hopeless the lot of man appear'd to all,
In sad amazement lost. When, lo! a sound,
A voice was heard from thy beloved Son,
(On the right hand of Glory ever plac'd);
'Lo! now I come to do thy will, O God.
In me behold man's substitute. On me
Pour out the treasures of thy wrath laid up
In store against that day when thou wilt judge
The guilty rebel man. My life for his
I freely offer. Let but man find grace,
O Father, in thy sight.' Then shining beams
Of mercy from thy throne commingled were
With clouds and darkness whilst thou made reply.

'Only begotten and eternal Son,
Bright image of my glory, ever live
My sole delight. United shalt thou be
By birth to man, and wear his human form
That thou mayst undergo his doom decreed.
But as thou hast abas'd thyself to dust,
As man I will exalt thee, and commit

All pow'r into thine hands. Reign thou supreme
In heav'n and earth. For man, whoever looks
To thee for righteousness, shall cleanse his soul
From sin's foul stains, and saving grace obtain;
But who with harden'd heart believeth not
Thy warning voice, himself shall bear the curse.
Then at thy great command the heav'nly host
Worshipp'd the Son, and tun'd their sounding harps,
Whilst his high praises pass'd th' angelic choirs
Responsive to the utmost verge of Heav'n.

“ Nor long the Son delay'd to execute
Th' Almighty will, but hast'ning down to earth,
Sentence of judgment pass'd upon the man.
Alas how chang'd! no longer innocence,
Celestial garb, adorn'd his vig'rous form;
But guilt and shame sat low'ring on his brow,
And fear his Maker to behold. With him
The woman came. First in transgression
She was first condemn'd, when that the serpent
Had receiv'd his doom. To it; he said,

‘ Upon thy belly thou shalt henceforth go,
Thy food the dust, cursed art thou above
All beasts, and I will put between thy seed
And woman’s constant enmity. Thou’lt bruise
His heel indeed, but he shall bruise thine head.’
Unto the woman, ‘ I will multiply
Thy sorrow greatly, and thou shalt bring forth
In pain thine offspring.’—Then to the first man,
‘ Because thou’st hearken’d to thy wife, not me;
And eaten of the fruit, whereof I said,
Thou shalt not eat, curs’d is the ground, and curs’d
Its produce. With laborious toil thou shalt
Eat bread until to dust thou dost return.’

“ Man then was banish’d from his blest abode,
Guarded by cherubim, and no access
Unto the tree of life was granted him.
But first in mercy thine anointed Son
Clothed their nakedness with skins of beasts,
Which slain, he taught them how to offer up
A sacrifice to God acceptable,

(Emblem of his own destin'd sacrifice)
By faith in which they mercy should obtain.

“ Ere long man multiplied upon the earth,
And sin display'd in his corrupted ways
Its mortal venom. Violence and crime
Throughout were found. All flesh had gone astray,
Except the few thy sov'reign grace had kept
As witnesses to man, from Abel down
To faithful Noah, preacher of righteousness.
With him thy cov'nant thou didst yet confirm,
And save him by an ark, though from the earth
A mighty deluge swept the sons of men,
Guilty of crimes no longer to be borne.
From Noah, Shem descended, and thy friend
Abra'm, the father of a faithful race.
By faith he sojourn'd in a land unknown,
And sought a city built by thine own hands.
By faith at thy command he offer'd up
Isaac his only son, trusting thy pow'r
To raise him from the dead. Nor ceas'd the race :

Isaac surviv'd to bless by faith his sons ;
Jacob believ'd, and Joseph ; Moses too,
By faith, when he was come to years, refus'd
To be the son of Pharaoh, choosing more
Affliction with thy people than to enjoy
Sin's fading, short-liv'd pleasures ; and by faith
Esteeming higher the reproach of Christ
Than Egypt's golden treasures. I might speak
Of Joshua, Rahab, and of Barak too ;
Of Sampson, Jephthah ; David who was call'd
The man of thine own heart ; of Samuel
And other faithful servants who subdued
The pow'r of kings, wrought righteousness, believ'd
Thy promises, endur'd imprisonments,
Scourgings, and cruel deaths ; but thou, O Lord,
Dost know that in thy book their names are writ ;
These all have died in faith, but not receiv'd
As yet the promise. Nor shall faith be vain,
Thou art not man, O God ! that thou shouldst
lie,
Nor son of man that thou shouldst e'er repent."

Here the recording angel ceas'd, prepar'd
To execute the will of Heav'n's great King.
In tenfold darkness shrouded was his throne,
Whilst sounding through the skies these words
were heard :

“ Go smite the man, my fellow,” saith the Lord,
“ On him the woe-inflicting vials pour
Of my avenging fury, I withdraw
The solace of my favour and support,
And him resign to Hell, and its dark pow'rs.”

He spake, and darkness o'er the heav'ns was
spread ;
Thick clouds and darkness o'er the universe :
One universal blot : as though a God
Had been extinct. Creation felt the wound
Inflicted on its author, and to ruin
Had well nigh sped, shook to its very base.
For now the Son of Man betray'd, condemn'd,
And crucified, expiring, utter'd loud
His agonizing cry : “ My God ! my God !

Hast thou forsaken me, when o'er my soul
The pow'rs of darkness furious raging stand
Ready to seize their prey? Like rav'ning beasts
See how they gape on me with open mouth.
As bulls of Bashan they beset me round
Pointing their threat'ning fronts; whilst wicked men
As dogs encompass me; they pierce my hands,
And wound my bleeding side, whilst carelessly
They part my garments 'mongst them, and cast lots
Who shall possess them. Dost thou now, my God,
Forsake me, when as water poured forth
My spirit ebbs, my heart like wax becomes,
My tongue with parching thirst cleaves to my mouth,
And all my counted bones start through my skin?
Their utmost rage and malice I'd sustain,
Nor men nor devils fear; but if thou hid'st
Thy face, ever 'till now in smiles array'd,
I sink, I die. This, this indeed is death."
In bitterness of soul he cried, nor was
One soothing look, one smile from God vouchsaf'd.
'Twas darkness all without one glimpse of light

In Heav'n and Earth, and Hell. Behold and see !
Was ever sorrow like to that wherewith
The Lord afflicted him in anger fierce ?

Come sinners here, and shed your bitter tears
For sufferings such as these endur'd for you,
The price requir'd for your redemption paid.
The destin'd cup of bitterness was drank
Down to its very dregs, nor more remain'd
For God's avenging justice to inflict.
With loud and solemn voice the victim said,
“ 'Tis finished ;” then bow'd his head and died.
Earth felt th' expiring pang, and quak'd with more
Than mortal fear. From their foundations mov'd,
The solid rocks were upward heav'd, then fell
In fragments vast. The graves gave up their dead
To life restor'd. The temple's vail was rent
Disclosing full to view the Mercy-Seat,
Holy of Holies, henceforth accessible
To all who should partake redeeming love,
Gabriel with rapid wing to Heav'n uprose ;

There first returning light dispers'd the shades.
The Deity appeased, again shone forth
Clothed in brightness. Joy-inspiring beams
Of grace divine proceeded from Heaven's King;
Again th' angelic choir with shouts of praise
And harps symphonious, ador'd the Highest.

Nor was the sound unknown to Gabriel's ears,
Who as he view'd the pearly gates at hand,
Hasten'd the choir to join. Raphael espied
The honor'd messenger of God return,
And as he entrance gain'd, thus greeted him:
“ Hail, blessed servant of th' Almighty, hail!
From earth what tidings bring'st thou? What from
him,
Th' anointed Son now both of God and Man?
Such wond'rous shade ne'er veil'd the heav'ns as now
Hath almost hidden from our sight the throne
Of God. His praise hath ceas'd, which ne'er
knew yet
Short interval or pause. Gladly we saw

Again return th' accustom'd light of Heav'n,
Its rays diverging from his awful face
Whose light is all our life. Thou heardst th' acclaim,
' Blessing and praise and glory to our God.'"

To him thus answer'd th' archangel bright.
" O happy fellow-servant of the Highest,
Well dost thou to inquire of him on earth
Whom late I left extended on the cross.
Henceforth be Man our God, nay, start thou not,
But patient hear the scenes I shall unfold.
Thou know'st, for thou didst watch the humble birth
Of Mary's son, 'mongst feeding oxen found;
Thou saw'st his infant growth, his youthful form,
His meek subjection to his parent's will,
His diligence assiduous to supply
By occupation in mechanic arts
Their daily wants : his first display of pow'r,
When for the happy pair in Canaan join'd
He wine pour'd out for water, fill'd their hearts
With food and gladness, bless'd the nuptial bed,

And bade them live t' enjoy the gifts of God,
Thou know'st his love for men, his holy zeal
For his great Father's name. Love ever rul'd
In all his acts;—the lame he bade to walk;
The blind to see; the sick he cur'd; the dead
Again restor'd to life, ador'd his pow'r.
His meat and drink it was to do the will
Of him that sent him forth; but still with men
He shunn'd not converse, ate and drank as they
Who thankfully receive their daily bread,
And own the gracious hand from whence it comes.
To publicans and harlots the most base
Compassionate would say, ' Go sin no more;'
Would warn them of the danger of their course,
Explain the holy will of God, and lay
The axe unto the root of sin, man's heart,
From whence proceed all evil thoughts, and foul
Adulterous deeds. Twelve witnesses he chose
Of humble birth (humble, as men esteem)
To teach his doctrines, and record his deeds.
To them did he commit his heav'nly truths,

Truths which receiv'd, would free the captive world
From the vile thralldom into which 'tis brought
By the seducing wiles of Man's great foe.
Thou know'st also the hatred and contempt
He bore from those he left this Heav'n to save,
How they oft sought his life with deadly rage;
How princes and the rulers of the land,
Elders and priests, a proud presumptuous race,
Conspir'd against the Lord and his Messiah;
Nor (as I must relate) conspir'd in vain.

Soon as commission'd by th' Almighty word,
I left these courts to attend the wondrous Man,
Stretch'd upon earth I found him, almost sunk
Into the irrecoverable grasp
Of death's cold arms, life's taper just extinct.
Excess of woe had quench'd the vital heat,
And staid the crimson current in its course,
Or forc'd it from its channels, for I saw
Around the spot the marks of bloody sweat.
By the divine command I rais'd him up,

Bound up his broken heart, and strength infus'd
Through all his frame ; grateful to Heav'n he look'd :
' Father ! thy will be done,' was all he spake,
Then sought his chosen twelve. 'Twas midnight's
hour

And sleep had seal'd their eyes. ' Arise,' he said,
' Behold he is at hand that doth betray
The Son of Man.' Judas as soon appear'd
With armed multitude of men, a band
Select of Jews with Roman cohort join'd,
Through the dark shades of night their torches
blaz'd,

Discovering to the traitor him he sought.
With quicken'd step, Judas approach'd his Lord,
And with deceitful smile saluted him.

This was the signal to his followers
Whom they might seize. Jesus with majesty
Address'd the multitude. ' Whom do ye seek ?'
' Jesus the Nazarene,' they straight replied ;
But when he answer'd, ' I am He,' they fell
Prostrate upon the earth ; such awe his look

And voice divine inspir'd. Again they rose,
Presumptuous from their fall;—again he said,
‘ Whom do ye seek ? ’ they answer'd as before.
The Lord of Men did then surrender make,
Himself committed to their hands; but first
His faithful followers secur'd from ill.
Then as the guard convey'd him from the place,
Peter with headstrong zeal drew forth his sword,
And aim'd a deadly blow at one who seem'd
Most active in the traitor's murd'rous throng;
Glancing aside, the blade smote off the ear.
Jesus reprov'd the deed; ‘ No sword I need;
Did I entreat my Father, he would send
Legions of angels to deliver me;
But how must then the Scriptures be fulfill'd?
Shall I not drink the cup my Father gives?
His will be done.’—Then did he touch the ear
With healing pow'r. The captain and the band
Now faster bound him as they led him on
To Annas' house; his follow'rs all forsook
Their captive Lord, and fled their different ways.

“ I saw him brought before the priests and
scribes,

Who sought for witnesses, but none could find
To impeach his spotless life; though many made
The vain attempt, whilst Jesus held his peace,
Or look'd on Peter who at distance stood,
And thrice denied all knowledge of his Lord.
That look o'erwhelm'd with shame the faithless
man,

Who now went forth in bitterness to weep
His base ingratitude. The Son of Man
Still firm, collected stood, and heeded not
His base accusers' arts; when Caiphas
Adjur'd him, by the living God, ‘ Art thou
The great Messiah, and the sent of God,
Blessed for ever!’—‘ Thou say'st that I am,’
He straight replied. The hypocrite then rent
His clothes, as though he blasphemy had heard,
And said, ‘ What need we further witnesses,
Ye heard his words, what think ye of his crime?’
The priests and scribes with one consent replied,

‘He guilty is of death.’—This sentence heard
The Roman guard, and baser men who stood,
Around the godlike man. Some mock’d, some
 smote
Upon his marr’d majestic face, whilst some
Contemptuous spat thereon. Others with folds,
Blinding his eyes, in gay derision said,
‘Prophesy now who smote thee, O thou Christ.’
Silent he bore their buffetings and scorn.

“Meantime the morn drew on, and Pilate sat
As Roman governor, dispensing law.
To him the priests repair, but entered not
The hall of judgment lest they be defil’d.
O blind hypocrisy, well did the Lord
Portray in living characters the men,
Who straining at a gnat, would anise tithe,
Yet swallow’d camels, cruelty, and death,
With wide rapacious throat. So hideous
Is not the open’d painted sepulchre
Repository of corruption foul.

“ Pilate no fault could find in him they brought
To be condemn'd, as Cæsar's foe, to death.
He to the truth before the judge still bore
His stedfast witness, and confession made :
A King he was, but not of this low world.
The wav'ring judge now this expedient tried,
Now that, to save his prisoner from death ;
So much the more the populace impell'd
By signs from the chief priests cried out amain,
' Let him be crucified.' To their loud voice
Now yielding, Pilate scourg'd the Lord of Life ;
Then soldiers cloth'd him in a purple vest,
And mock'd the king so gorgeously array'd ;
Crown'd him with sharpest thorns, and in his hands
A reedy sceptre plac'd. With wanton rage
They smote upon the crown, whilst blood stream'd
 forth
From every fest'ring wound. Patient he bore
Their basest insults, and possess'd his soul
In godlike meekness. Pilate felt condemn'd ;
' Behold the Man,' he utter'd with amazement ;

‘ Know all, that I no fault have found in him.’
But still the priests and multitude cried out
The more, ‘ Let him be crucified; his blood
On us and ours be charg’d.’ The yielding judge
Then vainly wash’d his hands, and sentence
gave,
O’ercome by clamour loud drowning the voice
Of conscience and of justice in his breast.

“ I saw the Son of God led forth in haste,
Bearing his cross, by Golgotha he pass’d
To Calvary’s mount. Weak, faint with loss of blood
Under its weight he panting, groaning, fell,
Nor could sustain the load. Compell’d at length
One Simon of Cyrene bore a part,
And on the sad procession mov’d. Nor did
The multitude unmov’d behold the scene;
Women in loudest sobs made known their grief.
‘ Daughters of Salem,’ said the Lord, ‘ weep not
For me, but rather for yourselves, and those
Who shall succeed you. Fear an avenging God.”

Behold the days draw nigh when ye shall say,
Ye mountains hide us from impending wrath.'

“ Arriv'd at Calvary the cross they rais'd,
And there between two malefactors plac'd
The Lord of Glory; then with savage joy
Into his feet and hands the nails they drove,
Whilst looking up to Heav'n he sighing pray'd,
' Father! forgive, they know not what they do.'
But of his pains regardless all now join'd,
Chief priests and rulers with the multitude,
To mock his misery with scornful sneer.
' He saved others, let him save himself;'
They said, ' and if he be God's chosen Son,
Let him descend from that exalted height,
And we will then believe.'—Nor fear'd the wretch
In dying pangs upon a cross hard by,
With his last breath in words as blasphemous,
His Maker to reproach. Not so the thief
Who, on the other cross condemn'd to lose
His forfeit life, with indignation heard

The Son of God revil'd, and just reproof
Unto his harden'd fellow-sufferer
Administer'd, then turning to the Lord
His dying prayer address'd. ' Lord, I believe
Thou art the Christ. Though priests and learned
scribes
Insult thy name, to thee would I commit
My parting soul. Remember me, O Lord,
When to thy heav'nly kingdom thou dost come.'
Nor was the pray'r of faith address'd in vain,
The agonies which now Messiah felt
Prevented not his gracious, prompt reply.
With majesty divine the Saviour said,
' I solemnly assure thee that this day,
In Paradise with me thy happy soul
Shall soon arrive.' Joyful and full of faith
The malefactor patient bore his pangs,
Then yielded up his soul unto his God.

" Weeping beneath the cross stood Magdalene,
And Cleopas's wife, and one there stood

Who nor look'd up nor wept : in silent woe,
As though a sword through her own soul had pierc'd,
She felt the dreadful scene, nor heard the words
Of John, the lov'd disciple, who in vain
Urg'd her removal from the cruel spot.
At length the well-known voice of Jesus rous'd
Her lost attention. ' Woman, see thy son
Beside thee stands. O John, behold in her
Thy mother.' The tender charge he heard,
Thenceforth resolv'd a son's kind offices
E'er to perform for her who bore his Lord.

“ Three hours (as men count hours) had now
elaps'd,

And fever's fiery heat, tormenting thirst,
And racking pains with tumult wild assail'd
The suff'ring Lord of Man; as all o'erwhelm'd
With deep distress his spirit strove in vain.
Such horrid darkness cover'd all the land,
Whilst pow'rs Satanic, from their hold let loose,
Rose from the nether world t' indulge their rage

Upon th' anointed Son: It was their hour,
Granted by him whose sov'reign sway is known
In Heav'n and Earth, and the dark world of Hell.
Satan, the prince of devils, foremost stood
Amidst the gazing throng. With fiend-like eye,
And eager joy he witness'd ev'ry pang;
With hellish rapture heard the Son of God
In his sharp agony cry out aloud,
' My God! My God! hast thou forsaken me?'
And fearless at these words, th' arch enemy
Of God and Man, with furious assault,
And strong temptations, urg'd the dying Lord.
He vainly hop'd, e'en then, to overcome
Him who had erst repell'd his dev'lish arts.
By his own word. But soon his hour was past,
Accomplish'd was the great Redeemer's work,
And to his heav'nly Father's hands his soul,
He solemnly resign'd. Sublime in death,
I saw the holy sufferer, and first knew
Th' extent of Love divine; its height and length,
And breadth and depth immeasurably vast

And infinite as is His Pow'r and Truth.
Henceforth let us adore a suff'ring God.
The Lamb that has been slain shall reign supreme
On his great Father's throne; 'tis thus decreed,
Nor less my highest joy than duty still
To adore the god-like Man, th' incarnate God."

Here Gabriel ceas'd; but mark'd his great
compeer,
With holy indignation, joy, or love,
By turns possess'd, as still the varied scene
Of human crime, or love and pow'r divine,
He had depicted. Raphael took the word.
"Well hast thou open'd to my wond'ring view,
Beloved Gabriel, what on yonder earth
So late hath pass'd. Now is the mystery,
For ages long conceal'd, to us reveal'd;
Now shall the wide creation know th' effect,
The dire result of sin. Nor less than God
To exterminate, would satiate its rage;
And with Him, all that holy is or good.

To ruinous destruction ever join'd,
Sin would the universe o'erwhelm, and fill
With horrid discord all its boundless range.
Nor God, nor man, nor creature would exist,
If unrestrain'd its pow'r. This knows the great,
The sov'reign Ruler of these happy realms.
Righteous are all his works, and just his ways.
Man he created happy, and endow'd
With god-like reason: free to choose the path
Of good or ill; not free, how rais'd above
The brutes that have no choice, matter instinct
With mortal life; but Man's immortal soul
Form'd to contain the germ of life divine,
Through endless ages ever to expand,
And still to Deity approaching, could not
A mere machine exist, as angels rul'd
By choice alone. Constrain'd obedience
Becomes not our great Maker to accept,
Nor would it be our happiness to yield,
But Man through choice has sinn'd; and, wondrous
love!

Our God array'd in flesh has died for Man;
Himself the great atonement for Man's crimes.
Now let yon guilty world their clamour cease,
And ev'ry mouth be stopt, for He shall judge
That world in righteousness; let them accept
By faith his proffer'd grace, or own him just,
(Whose mercy they despise) when o'er their heads
The thunders of his vengeance shall be heard
Adjudging them to everlasting woe;
Not less of Sin the fatal, sure result
Than by his law proclaim'd the penalty.

“ But happier scenes are present to my view.
Enlighten'd by the Spirit of all grace,
I see that Man by living faith now join'd
To the Eternal Son, shall rise to heights
Of blessedness unknown; henceforth with him
Shall share his glory, and the Father's love.
No longer servants, but the sons be deem'd
Of th' Almighty Sire. For this he suffer'd,
And for this he died. Man shall have life

And more abundant than when first bestow'd.

Be ours to witness hence with grateful joy

His happiness divine; and praise our God,

Who by his pow'r almighty, and his grace,

From dust terrestrial can raise a worm

To his own glory and transcendent bliss."

On wings of love th' archangelic pair

Through Heav'n's wide courts, up to the throne of
God,

Their shining way then took. Prostrate they fell

Before th' Eternal, who with grace divine,

Beaming upon them joy ineffable,

The golden sceptre rais'd, the well-known sign

Of grace. Rising, their heav'nly harps they seiz'd,

Prepar'd to strike in loudest notes the chords,

Whilst His high praise they sing with all the choir

Angelic, that surround His blissful seat.

When lo! a rapt'rous shout was heard. Heav'n's
gates

Wide open'd:—enter'd the Prince of Peace,

The mighty Conqueror, the Wonderful,
The Counsellor, the everlasting God.
In his own majesty array'd, he pass'd
Th' adoring hosts of angels, and of men
Whose spirits now made perfect through his blood,
With angels vied in adoration pure.

But who's that happy spirit with the Lord,
Attending angels bear him on their wings?
Not yet inur'd to scenes of heav'nly joy,
He scarce can bear the overwhelming bliss,
And in their arms entranc'd, would seek support.
All heav'n rejoices. Trophy of sov'reign grace,
A sinner sav'd he comes. And now the Son,
Ascends the throne paternal (ever One
The Father, Son, and Spirit, though diverse
In operation to a creature's view),
And thus addresses the Almighty Sire.

“ O Father! see the first fruits of thy love
On me bestow'd. Behold! before thee stands

One who his forfeit life to justice paid
Upon a cross, condemn'd by men to die
For crime outrageous, now redeem'd from sin
And all its woe. Me he confess'd 'fore men ;
Strong was his faith when on the cross I bled,
When enemies revil'd, and friends despair'd.
Now will I him confess before thy face,
My friend and brother. Come, thou blessed soul,
And rest secure of joys prepar'd for thee
Ere time begun; not yet reveal'd indeed,
But shall be in that day when quick and dead
To judgment shall arise. Meantime with pure
And holy spirits that have here arriv'd
In long succession from th' abodes of men,
And who by faith receiv'd the promises,
With Abraham and with Isaac thou shalt dwell.
The middle heav'n to them allotted is :
There safe from all th' assaults of Sin and Hell,
They watch the progress of my grace on Earth,
And joyfully await the destin'd hour,
When as the sons of God, they shall appear

Before assembled worlds—when their corrupt
And mortal bodies rais'd t' immortal life,
Shall put on incorruption, and shall shine
Brighter to view than yonder starry orbs."

Thus spake the Son: But who can e'er describe
Divine complacency, joy infinite, and love
Which fills the breast paternal of a God?
In vain the lab'ring thought aspires so high;
Be calm my soul, and patient wait that day,
When through a veil no longer thou shalt see,
But it shall be thy bliss supreme to know.
Even as now thou'rt known; when God, thy God!
Shall to thy renovated pow'rs reveal
His glories all divine, though here in clouds
And darkness he still hide his awful face.

Yet heav'nly spirits know th' extatic bliss
Of Deity, each in their measure fill'd
With the same holy joy. From the third heav'n,
Descending as a river broad and fair.

It waters all the courts of Paradise.
There in safe keeping disembodied souls
Partake its life and joy-infusing streams.
Triumphant there they sing, "Where is thy sting,
O Death? and where thy victory, oh Grave?
Sin is Death's sting, and to the Grave its pow'r
The law hath giv'n; but now in victory
Lost is the sense of death. Blessing, and praise,
And glory everlasting to our God,
The Lord Omnipotent doth ever reign."

IMMANUEL.

PART IV.

IMMANUEL.

OH, how shall he who in the mount of God,
The highest heav'ns, so late hath tun'd his harp,
(Its feeble sounds lost in the vain attempt
To vibrate with celestial harmony)—
Oh, how shall he descend to Earth—to Hell—
To Hell, the drear abode of demons foul?
No longer rapt in silence shall he muse
In holy contemplation, nor the bliss
Supreme of Deity stretch ev'ry thought;
But sighs, and tears, and groans, and dismal yell,
Arising from the conscience-stricken souls
Of God-contemning creatures wound his ear.

Ah! whence that dreadful sound of bitter woe
On Abr'am, calling for one cooling drop
T' assuage tormenting thirst? In vain he calls.
Dives, the rich, regardless of a God
On earth had liv'd, though sumptuously he far'd,
And harp, and timbrel, and the mazy dance
Within his spacious mansion oft were found.
Lull'd in the soft, luxurious, wanton lap
Of sensuality, he squander'd life;
And put far off the thought that it must close.
Pity within his breast had found no place
For others' woes, nor love to God nor Man.
Dismay'd he heard the messenger of fate
Announce its summons, and require his soul;
Which frantic with despair he yielded up
Compell'd by death's keen dart. Demons convey'd
The wretched spirit to their fell abode,
Consign'd him to Remorse's scorpion sting,
And endless torment in the burning lake
Of fire unquenchable. Now first to Heav'n
He casts his eager eyes, and there beholds,

Fresh source of torture to his troubled breast,
A beggar, whom he once had scorn'd, convey'd
By angels to the side of Abraham;
For he the son of Abraham by faith,
On earth had prov'd himself. To Abr'am's God
Had still pour'd forth his daily, fervent pray'r,
As through affliction's thorny maze he trod
His heav'n-directed way. In vain he calls;
No, Dives, thou hast had thy fill on earth,
All that thine heart desir'd; thou didst not seek
Eternal life, but with contempt didst spurn
Thy Maker's proffer'd gifts. Thine hour is past,
Thy day of grace. A gulf impassable
Henceforth doth sever thee from all the blest;
Nor can thy parched tongue one drop receive
Of those pure waters whose refreshing streams
Make glad the happy city of our God.

But see, a soul now enters the wide gates
Of these dark regions of eternal woe.
At his approach all Hell is mov'd to meet,

With bitter welcome, th' apostate wretch.
Mammon the foremost of the hellish crew
Greets the condemned spirit, and with joy
Malign (the joy of devils) thus accosts
The traitor of his Lord. "Enter, my son,
My best belov'd, these mansions of thy choice.
For thee, these fires shall more intensely glow,
And Sodom and Gomorrah's hapless lot
Be ecstasy to thine. Won by my lures
I claim thee as my prey, and thy torment
Some pastime shall afford, some dev'lish sport,
In this our curs'd abode. The lowest Hell
For thee is destin'd; thither I'll conduct
Thy sordid soul."

He said, and instant seiz'd
The horror-stricken Judas with firm grasp;
Legions of devils follow'd as they pass'd
Through the infernal deep. On either side,
Illimitable regions of the damn'd
Present themselves to view. And first, they pass'd

Th' abode of those unhappy sons of Cain
Who fill'd the earth with violence and strife.
Long had they surfeited on Nature's gifts :
In firmest health and strength their lengthen'd lives
Had pass'd, and nought but black ingratitude
To their Creator had they e'er repaid.
Unmindful of His claims, they us'd their strength
In cruelty and lust, and heeded not
The faithful warnings of the son of Seth :
Until at length the sweeping deluge came
Nor left of the unfaithful race on earth
One soul. Then was thy rav'nous maw, O Death,
Filled, if ever, to satiety :
And Hell itself were full; but that no bounds
Limit the dread abyss. Craving as Death
It seeks enlargement, and can ne'er o'erflow.

Then came in view the builders of that tow'r
Whose top to Heav'n should reach, and Heaven's
great king
Assail, perhaps dethrone. Discordant jar,

And sounds uncouth still tire the troubled ear,
And speak his might, whose pow'r restrains their
tongues

From mutual converse, sweet allay to woe.
Then Sodom and Gomorrah's fiercer flames
They pass'd, with hasty feet, and shunn'd the sight.
Next, the Egyptian host and harden'd King
In a tumultuous fiery sea still rag'd
Against th' Omnipotent ; untaught by plagues,
Worse than on earth they felt, t' adore his pow'r.
Oh! who can e'er recount the scenes of woe,
Weeping, and wailing, and dire gnash of teeth,
Which now on either hand present themselves
To the Apostate's view, almost arrest
His own sharp pangs, and for a time
Make him forgetful of the gnawing worm
Which in him feeds, and ever there shall live.
Mammon in triumph leads his guilty soul
Through thickest concourse of the damn'd, the
sands
On ocean's shore out-numb'ring, they appear

A vast and troubled sea, smoth'ring the flames
Which from beneath do ever and anon
Break forth in dreadful glare. For here were
met

All that on earth against true reason's light,
And the still voice of conscience whisp'ring soft,
Had bow'd themselves in vile idolatry
To worship stocks, and stones, and senseless things.
Here still their orgies lewd, and cruel rites
They held; from bad to worse proceeding still.
Far, far beneath the grov'ling brutes they sink,
Lost to all reason or the sense of shame.
Here Violence and Strife perpetual hold
Their loud obstreperous sway, and aggravate
Their wretched woe. Just recompence of sin.
They us'd not or abus'd the light they had,
'Tis now withdrawn. Reason o'ercome retreats
From Passion's lawless tyranny. Conscience
Into a scorpion chang'd remonstrates not,
But deep inflicts her deadly anguish'd sting,
And life is but the endurance of all ill.

Through the innumerable throng they press'd,
Who ghastly smil'd to see another soul
By Mammon lur'd, and than themselves more vile
Through sordid lust of gold. Hell's centre now
The fiend approaches with his captive prey;
Here Satan, the arch-enemy of God,
Holds his confused court, all order lost,
No demon owns a pow'r superior;
Nor but by force constrain'd will e'er submit
His will to what is deem'd the gen'ral voice.
Hence endless contest for supremacy,
And Satan wears indeed a crown of thorns.
His voice they heard piercing the vast abyss,
So shrilly laughs th' hyæna o'er its prey,
With feigned joy proclaiming jubilee,
Or dev'lish revel.

“ Spirits of Hell, arise,”
Triumphant thus, he cried, “ the work is done,
The end of all our labours now is come.
Now is the earth our own, and Men shall fear
Nought but our mighty pow'r, destin'd henceforth

To reign supreme o'er all the human race.
Now let us wreak our vengeance on the works
Of that Almighty Tyrant whom we hate,
Almighty now no more. By patient toil
We've foil'd him in his Son; for well I know
His pow'r and god-head rested in the Man
Whom late I left extended on a cross.
See Mammon comes with trophy in his hand,
Proof of his pow'r o'er ev'ry human heart:
For like a noble lion he hath seiz'd,
(Spite of the guardian shepherd) from the flock
His prey, now ready to be offer'd up
A vietim to our rage. Hence, bear the wretch
To lowest depth of Hell, where Mammon seeks
Insatiable his gold. There let him toil
In endless drudgery, till weary, faint;
For his refreshment pour the fiery ore
Down his thin airy vitals. Shew him then
The joys he once had known, the high flown hopes
Of immortality and endless bliss,
Falsely so call'd, and when he seeks for death

To end his woes, then laugh the fool to scorn,
And teach him that in Hell the worm ne'er
dies.

“ Meantime, ye spirits of the mighty deep,
Prepare your songs of triumph. Christ the Son,
Whose pow’r we once resistless thought, within
The deep-laid snare our cunning hath prepar’d
At length is ta’en. Forsaken of his God,
I heard him breathe his suff’ring spirit forth.
He who so oft hath put our force to flight,
By his inherent pow’r, at length submits
To human machinations, and ere this
Hath own’d on earth our pow’r to be supreme.
Now shall no limits to our wrath be set ;
Vengeance, awake, draw forth thy thirsty sword ;
Malice, arouse thy latent energy,
And call to aid thy sister Cruelty ;
Furies begin your bloody march on earth,
Compel each human spirit to blaspheme
The God we hate, and curse the bitter day

In which he first saw light. Havoc and War,
Let loose your hell-hounds through the peopled
world
Till Desolation follow in your course;
And when ye respite need, let minor pow'rs
Of this our thriving empire speed the work.
Let Vanity inflate the human heart;
Let Pride instil contempt for all around;
Let Avarice use its ever-grasping paw
To petrify the wretch who feels its pow'r,
Till than a stone more hard he listen not
To the most piercing tale of others' woe.
Let Falsehood sow suspicion in each breast;
Let Sensuality hold out its bait, best lure
To draw the soul within perdition's gulf,
And spoil it of its worth. Demons proceed,
The contest ne'er give o'er till ye have made
That Earth a Hell. So shall we recompense
Him who hath cast us out from highest heav'n,
And teach him that revenge we will pursue,
Nor yield to base-born fear."

Thus roar'd th' arch fiend
With howl articulate. Responsive yell'd
Th' infernals, who for once their envy lost,
(Their fury turn'd 'gainst earth's inhabitants)
And prais'd their leader as their mighty God.
Like Etna's or Vesuvius' burning height,
A throne they rais'd of dark combustibles
(Such only were at hand) whereon to seat
The pride-swoln serpent. He with haughty gaze,
And crest erect, receiv'd th' unwonted boon,
The homage of the diabolic crew.
When lo! a blaze of heav'nly light, the verge
Of Hell illumines. Satan starts with fear,
And feels his hour is come. Trembling he shrinks,
And strives to hide from view his scaly form;
But strives in vain. Swift as the solar beam
Darts through the universe its joyous ray,
So swift o'ertakes the fiend the form he dreads.

The Son of God, array'd in glorious pomp,
With twenty thousand chariots, and a host

(Ten thousand times ten thousand spirits pure,) . . .
Enters the iron gates, and instantly . . .
With his almighty pow'r o'ertakes the Prince
Of Darkness, who now feels his wonted strength
Forsake his writhing frame. Compell'd he is
By word alone, the fiat of a God,
To fix his hideous length beneath the wheels
Of the triumphant chariot of the Lord.
All Hell beheld their chief a captive led;
With horror smit, they view the dread approach
Of th' almighty Son, and supplicate
Destruction to o'erwhelm them. On he drives,
In speed outstripping the infernal host,
Though on the wings of fear they rapid fly.
The heavenly guard, entering the gates of Hell,
Arrest their steps; with sacred joy they view
The mighty conqueror triumphant lead
Captivity a captive. From his car,
Thick darting flames transfix the monster's head
With worse than mortal pangs. Bellowing with rage
And pain (first-born of Hell) he strives to quit

Th' inflicted torment; but by pow'r divine,
Constrain'd to bear th' avenging wrath of God,
At length is brought unto a precipice
Tremendous, form'd of over-hanging rocks,
From whence a pit opaque and fathomless
Presents itself to view. There headlong down,
In whirling motion coil'd, the dragon fell;
There to await in chains his final doom,
When God to sov'reign judgment shall arise;
Or loosen'd only, when to try the faith
And patience of the chosen of their God,
He shall permitted be to range the earth.
For faith and patience brightest shine in fires
Of strong temptation, and each Christian grace
But more illustrious is from fierce attacks
Of the arch-enemy. Hence shall arise,
Whilst Admiration tracks their glorious course,
All conqu'ring Faith, enduring, patient Hope,
And fervent Charity, which though earth-born
Shall never fail; but through eternal rounds
Dwell in the presence of her Father—God.

Now back returns the conqu'ring Prince of Life
And joins th' angelic bands. Joyful they rise
Once more to realms of light, and wing their way
Through the blue ether to the blissful seats
Of peace and love. There loudly they proclaim,
In sounds harmonious, the victor's praise.
His presence fills, with happiness divine,
The heavenly host, enraptur'd whilst they sing,
“ Worthy the Lamb 'who'died for sinful Man
To be exalted on his Father's throne.
Blessing, and praise, and glory on His name
For ever rest, who conquer'd when He fell;
Who bruis'd the Serpent's head, and overthrew
The pow'rs of Hell.”—Join'd in the chorus then,
The spirits of the just soon as they heard
Th' angelic minstrelsy. “ Worthy the Lamb,”
They echo through the skies, “ for he was slain,
Us to redeem from Satan's tyranny,
And bring us near to God. Worthy the Lamb,
All honour, glory, blessing to receive,
Who gave his life a ransom for our sins;

Who on the cross expir'd, a spectacle
To men and wond'ring angels. Ever praise
His glorious name, who love divine hath shewn
For sinful rebel Man, and stoop'd to gain
O'er Death and Hell a lasting victory."

Thus sang the happy spirits, and again
Tun'd their loud harps symphonious to His praise
Who fills all Heav'n with light, and life, and joy.

IMMANUEL.



PART V.

IMMANUEL.

HAIL heav'n-born Mind! thy rapid glance can pass
Throughout material Nature. Thou canst rise
Beyond these lower elements, and soar
Far, far above the circumscribed bounds
Of time and space. Effluence of Deity,
Thine is eternity to come, and thine
To know the self-existent All in All,
From whom thou art deriv'd. Upborne by thee,
With angels and archangels I have wing'd
My vent'rous flight from earth to highest heav'n;
Have heard the anthems of the bless'd above,
Praising the Victor who from Death redeem'd

Their captive souls; have seen the Lamb become
The Lion of his tribe, with his almighty arm
Scatt'ring the pow'rs of darkness, and their Prince
Hurl into lowest Hell. Or rather Thee,
Eternal Spirit! who at sundry times,
By methods diverse, hast reveal'd to Man
Thy heavenly grace, and in these latter days,
Hast by the Son made known the path of life
That leads to Heav'n and God. Still may the page
Of thy recorded truth direct my way;
Grateful to Thee my praises shall arise
Whilst through thy cheering promises I rove,
Or read the kinder warnings of thy word,
And taste thy love display'd in ev'ry line.

Say, for Thou know'st, what sorrow fill'd the
breasts

Of those who lov'd their Lord, when death's pale hue
Stole o'er his bleeding corse. Though all hope fled,
They linger'd near the cross, nor could withdraw
Their eyes from that sad spectacle. That tongue,

Now still in death, which ever wont to cheer
Their drooping hearts. Their friend, their guide,
now lost;
Their Lord and Master, whom they once had thought,
Was he that should redeem the chosen tribes,
Now by his cruel enemies o'ercome,
Revil'd, insulted, and condemn'd to die
An ignominious death. And then that cry,
“ My God ! my God ! hast thou forsaken me ? ”
In bitterness of soul pronounc'd. Had God
In very deed deserted his own Son ?
Him whom, when rising out from Jordan's stream,
They heard a voice from Heav'n aloud proclaim,
His Son belov'd ? 'Twas mystery all. Suspense,
Not want of faith, now held their minds confus'd,
With sorrow overwhelm'd. But one appear'd
Still strong in faith. He to the Governor
Urg'd his bold suit that he might safe inter
The body of the Lord ; Joseph the rich,
The generous, and the just ; a senator,
Who in the council his consent withheld.

From the unjust and murd'rous sentence past
Upon the Son of God. With leave obtain'd,
Th' Arimathe'n his pious task commenc'd,
And linen of Damascus brought, wherewith
To shroud the dear remains of his lov'd Lord.
And Nicodemus too with tender care
(He who by night had sought the truth to learn)
Brought largely myrrh and aloes to preserve
The body from corruption's taint. In folds
Oft multiplied, and spice thick strew'd in each,
They wrapp'd the stiff'ning limbs, whilst frequent dropt
The gushing tear. That mouth which ever spake
In language simple the sublimest truths;
Those eyes that beam'd with majesty and love;
Those ears that listen'd to the tale of woe,
And audience gave to every suppliant's pray'r,
Now clos'd in death, draw forth their anguish'd sighs.

In silent sorrow they at length convey
Their precious burden to a tomb new hewn,
Which Joseph for himself had late prepar'd.

There safe interr'd, they take a sad farewell,
And mourning seek their homes. To God they cry,
The God of consolation and all grace.
Each one in secret pours forth all his heart,
And casts his heavy burden on the Lord.
The God of Jacob hears (who never said
To Jacob's race, my face ye seek in vain),
And to each breast gives calm and holy trust
In his almighty pow'r, though not to trace
His dark mysterious way, his footsteps in the deep.

Not so the priests and elders pass'd the night;
In vain they sought repose; their troubled thoughts
To them allow'd no rest. Conscience awake,
(At midnight hour her voice is loudest heard)
Set forth in black array the past day's crimes,
And harrow'd up their souls. Sometimes they saw,
With retrospective eye, the holy man
Before the pontiff stand, with innocence
And truth begirt; whilst silently he heard
The self-confounding accusations brought

By wretches they suborn'd. Sometimes they heard
Again sound in their ears the solemn words
He utter'd when adjur'd by Caiphas,
“ I am the Christ, hereafter thou shalt see
The Son of Man on the right hand of pow'r,
And coming in the majesty of God
To take dire vengeance on his enemies.”
No longer blasphemy, but dreadful truth
They deem'd the good confession he then made.
Then busy Mem'ry plied their throbbing breasts
With the base insults and indignities
They cast upon th' anointed Son of God,
Whilst as a lamb to slaughter he was led;
And as the patient sheep when shorn is dumb,
He open'd not his mouth. Sometimes they saw
Barabbas' murd'rous hand against them rais'd,
And shunn'd th' uplifted dagger. This the wretch
They would prefer before the Lord of Life,
When Pilate had with anxious care declar'd
“ I find no fault in him ye bring to me
To be condemn'd upon a cross to end

His holy, spotless life." Sometimes the words
Upon the tree inscrib'd, before their eyes
In well-known characters appear'd. They saw,
" Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews,"
Display'd above his stretch'd-out tortur'd frame,
And trembled at the cry they utter'd then,
" His blood on us and on our children be."
Awful forebodings of the wrath of God
Oppress'd their troubled minds. The shaking earth
And more than midnight darkness fill'd their hearts
With terror and dismay; what time the Son
Finish'd his work, and yielded up the ghost.
The temple's vail then rent, an omen seem'd
That God had quite forsaken his abode,
And left his chosen people in his wrath.
Still did these signs and mighty wonders pass
In sad review; again they smote their breasts,
And sighing said, " This was the Son of God."
But still they hated him, nor could submit
Unto the righteousness which is by faith
In him, the Saviour of a ruin'd world.

They lov'd their own hearts' lusts, and wilfully
Endur'd sin's iron bondage. Pomp and pow'r,
And to be called Rabbi they e'er sought;
To gain these ends would compass earth and sea,
And perpetrate all crime. They shunn'd the light
Of Truth divine. Stung with the keen reproach
Which he who is the everlasting Truth
Had cast upon their vile hypocrisy,
They sought his life with fierce vindictive rage,
And ne'er gave o'er their constant fell pursuit,
Till on the cross they saw his streaming blood.
Then did remorse and fear by turns possess
Their troubled breasts, and sleepless made the night.
Or if perchance their wearied nature sunk
In fev'rish slumber, rest was yet denied.
Imagination's ever active pow'rs
Presented to their view the crimson stream
From Calvary flowing, which with speed o'ertakes
Their flying steps, calling aloud to God
For vengeance on their guilty murd'rous heads.
Then all around the gath'ring blackness lours,

And vivid lightnings dart across the skies;
The trembling earth in heaving throes is rock'd,
Then opens 'fore their eyes. They see th'abyss of Hell.
The heav'ns descend in one tremendous fall,
Hailstones and coals of fire; whilst thunders loud
Proclaim impending wrath. Starting they wake.

Ah! had they known the value of that blood
Whose wondrous pow'r would from their hands
remove
The murd'rous stain; would cleanse their spotted
souls
And bring them near to God; they then had heard
No cry for vengeance; (as when Abel slain
Receiv'd his death-wound from a brother's arm)
But gracious offers from a pard'ning God
Of mercy and forgiveness. They had known
The Lamb of God, whose offer'd sacrifice
Would from a guilty world remove its sin.
But this the way of peace they would not know.
Their ears they stopp'd, when with abounding grace

The Son of God would oft communicate
His messages of love. Their eyes they clos'd,
When all the pow'r of Godhead he display'd
In miracles divine; and steel'd their hearts
Against conviction's force. Full oft he wept,
As the extended city he survey'd,
And sigh'd, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thou that hast slain the prophets whom I sent
To warn thee of thy crimes, and all the ills
That would attend thy base ingratitude;
Still would I gather thee within these arms
E'en as a hen shelters her little brood
Beneath her fost'ring wings, and ye will not;
But now your house must desolate be made
And Justice overtake whom Mercy cannot save."

Soon as the sun 'gan chase the shades of night
And " twilight glimmer'd in the purple east,"
With falt'ring gait, and feeble, worn out frame
The aged Annas from his couch descends;
Eager to fly from his perturbed self

He seeks the temple's porch: not there to find
The God of Abraham, but to unfold
To priests and elders who might there be met
His dark suspicious fears. Assembled there,
The chief priests with the learned scribes he found,
And Pharisees a host. A haggard form
Address'd them: horrid black despair was seen
In ev'ry feature, whilst his eye-balls roll'd
In rapid motion starting from the head;
With one clench'd fist he smote his heaving breast,
The other cast a bag in phrenzy wild
Amongst the flying crowd. "Take, take ye back
The wages of iniquity," he said,
"The cause of all my woe. I have betray'd
The Innocent, and ye, curs'd fiends, have brought
His blood upon my head. I knew your rage,
Fiercer than Tophet's flames against the Lord.
No rest, no peace on earth for me remains!
Whither, oh whither, shall I wretched flee?
Come, Death, and rid me of these agonies,
Or rather bear me to that Hell which now

Already opens to receive my soul."

He said, and hurried on with rapid step
To where a rock's projecting height was seen:
Thence in the view of all with headlong force
Falling, his bowels gush'd, and in loud shrieks
He went to his own place.

" So perish all
Thine enemies, O Lord!" with eyes uprais'd,
The hypocritic Annas loud exclaim'd ;
" So let the men who trust in lying lips,
And magic's cursed arts, for ever close
Their wicked course. Now listen, rev'rend priests ;
Full well I know the followers of him,
Who for his blasphemy hath paid his life,
Are crafty, subtle, and with malice stung,
Will plan some new device to cause his name
In honour to be held. We know he said,
(The arch-deceiver to the gazing throng)
Destroy this body, yet ere three days run
Their hasty flight, I from the dead will rise,

And all mine enemies confound. And now,
Be wise. To Pilate straight apply. A guard
Of men, robust and vigilant, be plac'd
Around the lonely spot where safe he lies."

This counsel all held good, and eager sought
The Roman governor: permission gain'd,
They march'd a trusty band upon the rock,
Whose excavated side contain'd the corpse.
A massive stone they found had clos'd the mouth
Sepulchral, which the guard with hardy strength
Remov'd, to satisfy the doubtful minds
Of priests and Pharisees; then quick replac'd.
Adjusted to the tomb's hewn sides the stone
With nicest care appear'd; then melted ore
They pour'd out largely o'er the interstices,
And fix'd their sacred seal. Strict charge they gave
The sentinels, that none within the spot
Presume to enter, much less to disturb
The sealed sepulchre: their forfeit lives should pay
For disobedience to their high commands.

This done, they judg'd their murd'rous work complete:

Somewhat allay'd, the tumult in their breast
Subsided to a calm. They hop'd henceforth
Securely to pursue their wicked course,
And no reprover fear.

Ah! sinful men,
They knew not Zion's mighty king, nor him
Who sitteth in the heavens, and who laughs,
Scorning their vain attempt. Let kings combine,
And rulers join their pow'rs against the Lord,
And his Anointed: yet his Son he'll place
On Zion's holy hill; will give to him
The Heathen for his heritage, and earth
For his possession. Then be wise, O kings,
And learn, ye princes, e'er to serve the Lord
With lowliest fear. Love and obey the Son,
Lest in his wrath, though but a little rais'd,
Ye perish from the way. Blessed are all
Who put their trust in Him, the mighty God.

IMMANUEL.

PART VI.



IMMANUEL.

WITH heavy hearts and sorrow overcome,
Sleep's leaden wings had yielded sweet repose,
And shorten'd the sad hours to those who mourn'd
Their now departed Lord; but light return'd
And wak'd them to their woes. John, the Belov'd,
At early dawn arose; as soon awoke
The Mother of his Lord. His house contain'd
A room where oft the friends of Jesus met
And held sweet converse. Thither by consent
Each turn'd his hasty step, whilst slumber held
In chains lethargic the vast city's throng.
Peter and James with sorrowing hearts appear'd;

Then Philip came; Andrew and Thomas join'd
Their townsmen (in Bethsaida's city born,
Where once the lake employ'd their spreading nets;)
The other James, and Jude, Alphcus' sons,
With Matthew and Bartholomew arriv'd;
Then Luke, physician skill'd, and Cleopas,
Accompanied by Mary Magdalene;
The Mother too of James, and Salome;
Laz'rus twice born, and sisters lov'd of Christ;
Joanna, and of women not a few,
Who long with patient zeal had ever serv'd
Their much-lov'd Lord, had witness'd his great
works,
Pursu'd his weary steps, and minister'd
To all his daily wants. These early met
And hop'd by sweet communion to assuage
Each other's grief. But as the little flock
Fill'd the conventicle, increasing woe
Their hearts o'erwhelm'd as each another view'd,
Nor utterance found their sorrow to express.
In overflowing tears they sought relief,

And long indulg'd "the melancholy joy."
At length, tumultuous sorrow somewhat ceas'd;
And he, whom Jesus lov'd, assay'd to speak.

"Friends of my heart, how mournful is this
hour;

This hallow'd day of rest to us will be
A sad memorial of our dying hopes:
And e'en the sacred temple will awake
Our grief, its glory gone. For us remains
Nought but to wait with patient faith the time,
When death shall take us from this wretched world,
And bear us to those blissful seats above,
Where the dread mystery we shall unfold,
Which darkens all our hopes. Who that hath seen
His godlike works, hath heard his solemn truths,
Hath known his zeal for God, his love for man,
Display'd in ev'ry mighty word and deed,
Can once deny he was the Son of God?
What though our priests and elders have to death,
To crucifixion, doom'd the man we love,

Yet can they not destroy our faith or hope.
Still let us cherish ev'ry fond idea
We form'd when by his heav'nly presence blest.
Let all his words and acts be deep impress'd
On mem'ry's page, and written in our hearts.
For me, I well remember the blest hour,
When the great Baptist (whose severe rebukes
I long had heard, and deep repentance felt)
With joy transported, cried, ' Behold the Lamb,
The Lamb of God who takes away all sin.
For this is he, of whom I oft have spake,
Who is preferr'd before me, and whose feet
I am not worthy to stoop down, and loose
Their soiled sandals.' With such energy
He spake these words, that Andrew straight with me
Follow'd the Lord; yet dreading to approach
Too near his person, and at distance walk'd;
With grace divine, benignantly he turn'd,
By greeting kind assur'd our fearful hearts,
And confidence inspir'd: then led the way
To his own lowly roof, and bade us spend

With him the closing day. How our hearts burn'd
Within us, as we heard the gracious words
His lips pour'd forth. Such majesty divine,
Such truth, and love, ne'er met my ravish'd ears,
As when the holy will of God he sought
To render clear to our benighted minds.
It was as if our eyes then first beheld
The glorious dawn of day, whose star then first
Arose upon our hearts. Night swiftly sped,
And morn still found us list'ning to the voice
Of our great teacher; who at length address'd
His heav'nly Father in a filial pray'r,
Implor'd his blessing, and retir'd to rest.
Drawn by resistless pow'r; I found my heart,
My life, my soul—all—all, were His! I sought
Permission to attend his steps, to view
His wondrous works, and hear his heav'nly truths.
This freely granted, I've from that blest hour
Kept near his sacred person, and have seen
Such proofs of pow'r almighty in his acts,
Such love divine in all he spake and wrought,

As will admit no doubt within my breast
He was indeed the Christ—the Sent of God.

“Ye too can witness, and Salome thou,
When to thy marriage-feast thou didst invite
The holy man, how condescendingly
He join’d the festive throng; with look benign,
View’d all the happy sports of frolic youth,
(Thy younger relatives who to the sounds
Of cheerful music mov’d their active limbs);
And when thy num’rous guests had shar’d thy
store,
Thy little store, of strength-recruiting wine,
How by his word alone, the brimming jars
With water fill’d, pour’d forth the vine’s rich juice.
His presence, whilst it made each heart to beat
With more than mortal joy, check’d all excess,
And caus’d th’ exhilarating mirth to leave
No sting of sad remorse. With grateful tongues
We sang the praises of th’ all-bounteous God,
Whose tender mercies are o’er all his works.

“ How shall I e’er relate the varied scene
Of miracles, which he with ease perform’d,
That show’d the mighty Godhead dwelt within.
When lowing oxen, and the bleating sheep
Within the temple’s spacious courts enclos’d;
The multitude of those who bought and sold;
The money-changers, with their massive boards
Groaning beneath the weight of glitt’ring ore;
All felt his pow’r divine, and shunn’d the lash
Of his small whip of cords: with noisy rout,
They hasten’d through the portals, men and beasts,
In wild disorder, whilst the pavement strew’d
With gold and silver mark’d their rapid flight.
‘ My Father’s house should be an house of pray’r,’
With solemn voice he said, ‘ but ye have made
This sacred house a den of sordid thieves.’

“ When at Bethesda’s pool the impotent,
Whom eight-and-thirty suns had seen to wait
Beside the troubled waters, and no friend
Was hap’ly near to make him first descend;

He (as the sun who shines with healing beams)
Invigorated ev'ry listless limb;
Bade him arise, take up his bed, and walk;
Though cav'ling priests gainsaid, and Pharisees
Forbade the man to use his strength restor'd,
Lest he should break their solemn, sacred day.

“ When o'er the glassy sea of Galilee
He pass'd, and on a mountain's cooling height
Survey'd with pitying eye the multitude;
(In number counted they five thousand men
With women and their children) then five loaves,
And two small fishes multiplied at will
Refresh'd their fainting strength. The fragments
fill'd
Twelve baskets, and remain'd a wondrous proof
Of pow'r divine. A king he might have been
By gen'ral suffrage; but he shunn'd the voice
Of popular applause, and sought the shades,
To pray in secret, and the night to spend
In converse with the Almighty. We with haste

Made sail to gain our homes; but storms arose
And toss'd our little bark. The raging winds
Blew adverse, and in vain we toil'd to reach
The other coast: when lo! upon the sea,
Whose waves uprose like mountains, there was seen
A form majestic marching o'er their tops.
It was the Lord. The sight inspir'd each breast
With awful dread, whilst He approach'd our ship,
Dispell'd our fears, and entering in, he bade
The furious winds to cease their boistrous rage.
The obedient winds were hush'd, and all was calm.
We then ador'd the wondrous godlike man,
Who to the troubled ocean's mighty waves
Thus spake with sov'reign pow'r; when instantly
Capernaum's city rose upon our view;
The adverse land appear'd, and drawing near,
We moor'd the vessel, and came safe to shore.

“ When in the temple from the rage of priests,
Who sought with stones to silence his reproofs,
He fearless pass'd, the threat'ning multitude

Found their uplifted murd'rous hands restrain'd:
No anger fill'd his breast, his pitying eye
Beheld a man who from his mother's womb
Had ne'er perceiv'd the cheerful light of day;
Some soften'd clay upon his darken'd orbs
He plac'd with tender touch, then bade the blind
To leave his darkness in Siloa's fount:
Joyful he thither went, and straightway saw,
With wond'ring eyes, the busy scenes around.

“ But the pure water blushing into wine;
The money changers struck with panic fear;
The impotent restor'd to healthful pow'rs;
The multitude refresh'd; th' obedient waves
And winds that own'd his voice; the rage of priests
Restrain'd by pow'r divine; the man born blind
Blest with the pow'rs of vision, speak His might,
In whom we trust, with fainter voice than thou,
O Lazarus, when rising from the tomb
Thou heardst the almighty sounds, “ Come forth.”

What though

Thy putrefying limbs had lain four days
Within the darksome vault, whilst friends around
Bewail'd thine early death. What, tho' fair hope
Had fled the breast of Martha much belov'd,
And Mary all disconsolate remain'd,
Our Jesus came with sov'reign pow'r and grace,
He wept, He pray'd, then prov'd He was indeed
The resurrection, and the very life
Of mortal man. Thou didst indeed come forth,
Enwrap'd in grave clothes, and bound hand and foot,
Which straight we loosen'd: many then believ'd
On him we ever lov'd; though from that hour
The priests with ceaseless rage have sought his life.
Oh! mayst thou long remain a monument
Of pow'r almighty, and thy sight forbid
The entrance of despair! Shall not the Lord
Of Life and Glory burst the bars of death,
And shortly rise victorious from the tomb?
Dry up thy tears, my mother, and behold
The Spirit of thy glorious Son ascend
To the bright throne of God. From thence he looks

Compassionate on all our heavy woes,
And calms our fearful hearts. Methinks, I hear
His voice, addressing us in accents soft:
‘ Fear not, my little flock, it is my will
That to my kingdom ye should still be heirs,
And as my tribulation ye partake,
Ye too shall share my glory; ye shall soon
Be with me where I am, no more to feel
The bitter malice of a sinful world;
But heav’nly joys to prove and bliss supreme.’

Thus spake the lov’d disciple; but no heart
Responded to his cheering words. In vain
He sought their sorrow to remove. They felt
Their brightest hopes extinguish’d. Tears and sighs
Afresh were mingled; scarcely articulate
The Mother of the Lord utter’d these words.

“ Oh, whither now, my son, would thy warm heart
Transport thy better judgment? Thou well know’st,
He who was dearer than my own life’s blood

Lies in the silent tomb, a mangled corse.
As though forsaken of his God, in pain
Beyond the pow'r of mortal to sustain,
In woe unspeakable, he quitted life.
I mark'd each changing feature, heard each groan,
And saw his mental agony severe,
In ev'ry lineament of his divine,
And godlike countenance. No more I saw—
No more I heard—no more I felt—till here,
Beneath thy hospitable roof, I found
Thy filial care had brought my helpless frame.

“ Oh! that I ne'er had heard the greeting voice
Of that bright messenger from Heav'n's high courts,
Angelic Gabriel. He call'd me blest,
And highly favour'd; said, I should conceive
And bear a Son—the Saviour; who would be
The Son of the most High; who should ascend
His father David's throne, and o'er the race
Of Jacob reign with everlasting sway.
Sure 'twas not all delusion, and vain dream

Of a weak woman's brain? The word he spake
Was soon fulfill'd. A virgin I conceiv'd,
And bore at Bethlehem my first-born son.
There shepherds who had watch'd their flocks by
 night,
Directed by angelic visions, came
To see the royal babe: for they had heard
A heav'nly messenger proclaim, ' Behold,
I bring to all glad tidings of great joy;
To you is born this day the Saviour, Christ,
In David's city, wrapp'd in swaddling clothes,
His couch a manger, and the straw his bed.'
Then as he ended, there appear'd around
Celestial spirits, in sweet choruses,
Chanting their sacred song, ' Glory to God
In highest heav'ns be given, and on this earth
Henceforth be peace, and evermore good will
To sinful man.' These things the shepherds told,
Ador'd the wondrous child; then sought their flocks,
Wand'ring far off. And when the days were pass'd
By Moses' law requir'd, we took the babe

Up to the temple, there to sacrifice
Our humble offering, and to present
Our first-born 'fore the Lord : when lo ! we saw
The aged Simeon, holy and devout,
Fill'd with the Spirit, (who to him reveal'd,
That, ere he died, his eyes should once behold
The Lord's Anointed and his Israel's hope.)
He coming, as we enter'd, took the child
Within his wither'd arms, and bless'd his God.
'Now Lord,' he said, 'in peace dismiss my soul,
Mine eyes have seen all that I long have sought,
And waited for, since first I knew thy name ;
Thy great salvation, which thou hast prepar'd
To bless the Gentile lands with heavenly light,
And glorify thy people Israel.'
'Happy art thou, O Joseph,' then he said,
'And thou his virgin Mother ; to whose care
God hath committed this his precious charge ;
But know, this child shall be the rise and fall
Of many in our land, shall be a mark
For contradiction and for vile reproach ;

Yea, through thy tender heart, a sword shall pierce,
When all the ill that dwells within the breast
Of sinful man, shall through him be disclos'd.
Whilst these mysterious words employ'd our
thoughts,
The holy man return'd the smiling babe;
Then sank before our eyes. Calm and serene
His spirit took its joyful happy flight.

“ Mysterious words! my heart a sword has pierc'd,
Has made a breach which nothing here can heal.
The murd'rous thoughts of men have been disclos'd,
And I have known too well their deadly hate
'Gainst Truth and Innocence. Witness, ye babes,
In Bethlehem slain, and its adjoining coasts;
Whilst mothers suffer'd more than mortal pangs,
Your cruel deaths beholding. Ramah's streets
Then heard a doleful voice, weeping and woe;
Her Rachael's mourning, bitterly bewail'd
Their darlings lost, and comfort still refus'd.

“Such Herod’s cruel rage, when from the East,
Led by a shining star, some sages came
To worship the meek babe, and offer gold
And frankincense. A tribute due, they said,
To Him whose boundless empire should extend
O’er distant Sheba, and the farthest isles ;
Whilst the fam’d ships of Tarshish from afar
Should bring his servants, laden with rich spoils,
To glorify the king of Israel ;
From Midian and from Ephah there should come
Th’ enduring camel and swift-footed beasts,
Bearing their offerings to the Holy One.
Kedar’s inhabitants, and Nebaioth
Should minister to Him ; and as a cloud
Darkening the sky doth move, swifter than doves
Returning to their well-known place of rest,
Should fly to Him all peoples and all tongues.

“They then departed, and warn’d by our God,
We took the child to Egypt’s fruitful plains
Escaping Herod’s murderous design ;

There gaily-innocent, his little sports
Beguil'd the tedious hours. Patient, I watch'd
The dawn of reason rising in his soul,
And, still delighted, view'd the union sweet
Of infancy and meekness all divine.
Simplicity and Truth were ever his,
Ready obedience to our known commands,
And quiet resignation to the ills
Which in our pilgrimage we underwent.

“ But Herod was cut off, and we return'd,
Bearing our lovely charge to Nazareth.
There as he grew in stature, he increas'd
In heav'nly wisdom and in holy grace,
And grew in favour both with God and Man.

“ Ah! halcyon days, but they're forever fled,
Days when our humble dwelling did contain
All that my heart desir'd; when morning light
Awoke my much lov'd Joseph to his toil,
And Jesus by his side would then be seen,

With hands to useful labour still inur'd,
Earning our daily bread. Contentment prov'd
Our greatest blessing; whilst no wealth we sought,
But such as God bestow'd, firm health, and strength,
And hearts to him devote. The day we clos'd,
With fervent thanks for all his bounteous gifts,
And slept secure in his almighty love.

“ Swift flew the happy minutes till twelve suns
Had run their annual course. Then to the feast,
The passover, we took the growing youth,
And told him all the wonders God had wrought,
When from Egyptian bondage he brought forth
His chosen tribes. Joyful he heard the tale;
And oft inquir'd with scrutinizing eye,
Why had not Israel to their Saviour held
With stedfast trust? Why had they e'er forsook
His cov'nant, and his law? We answer'd not,
But to the learned Rabbis led our son,
Who in the temple grave discussion held
On dark events foretold, and divers laws

Which from tradition were of old received.
Docile he listen'd to their learned lore,
And much he questioned; whilst amaz'd they
 heard
Such words of deep enquiry from his tongue.

“ We with our friends, a num'rous company,
Pursu'd our journey home; suppos'd our child
Was in the train; but when three days were past,
And we return'd to seek him, still we found,
Within the temple's sacred courts the youth
Surrounded by the doctors, and a throng,
Who with transporting wonder heard his words.

“ My Son, I said, thy father and myself
Have sought thee sorrowing. Wherefore hast thou
 thus
Repaid our anxious care?”—“ Ah! knew ye not
About my Father's business I must be,”
He said with meek reply. And where should he
But in his Father's temple still be found?

His heart, his soul, were evermore with God;
With God he pass'd the long laborious day,
With him he shar'd the night. And when to rest
Myself and younger children had retir'd,
Full oft we heard his fervent pray'r ascend
In sweet communion with his Father—God.
Pray'r was his breath of life. Morning and eve,
And at noon-day, he pray'd; and still with God
Held hourly converse. We with awe beheld
Such wondrous sanctity, yet temper'd so
With charity benign as won all hearts.

“ His younger brethren would he oft instruct
In wisdom's ways, and lead their youthful minds,
By contemplation of his works and word,
To know their great Creator, love his name,
And seek his pard'ning grace: and when, alas!
By dire disease I lost my mate belov'd,
The pious Joseph; all a father's care
I found supplied by him, and all a son
Is call'd by filial duty to perform.

“ But time pursu’d his course with hasty flight,
And thirty years were number’d since I first
Had call’d him by his heav’n-appointed name.
To manly stature grown, with soul matur’d,
And fraught with heav’nly wisdom, he appear’d
Fairer than men; whilst I with eestasy
And all a mother’s heart (what could I less)
Beheld his form divine. Whate’er he spake,
Where’er he mov’d, or whatsoe’er he wrought,
‘ Seem’d wisest, virtuosest, discreetest, best.’
Folly abash’d, before his presence sunk,
And Sin in all its forms would hide itself
From his convineing glance. And now commene’d
His publick course. He left our peaceful home,
And with an energy divine pursued
His great career: alas! how soon to close.

“ Ah! why should I recount his mighty deeds;
His zeal to prosecute his Father’s work,
His days and nights depriv’d of soft repose,
Till Nature quite exhausted sank to rest:

His daily food forgot, that he might do
The will of Him who sent him; and bestow
On wretched mortals, health-restoring gifts,
And sanctifying grace. Ye all have seen
His wondrous works, his meek and lowly gait,
His tenderness of heart for those who mourn'd
Their sinful courses, whilst his stern reproof
Unmask'd the hypocrites to all around.

“ But still the evil of man's heart appear'd.
Witness the country of the Gadarenes
When swine-feeders so earnestly besought
Him (whom a dev'lish legion had obey'd)
To quit their coasts, preferring filthy gain
To all his life-inspiring words and works.
Witness the city where we dwelt. He came,
And on the sabbath, as his custom was,
Enter'd the synagogue; the sacred books
Within his hands the rev'rend elder plac'd;
The volume he unroll'd, and found the words
Recorded by Isaiah, holy seer.

‘ On me the Spirit of the Lord is shed,
Because he hath anointed me to preach
The Gospel to the poor, to heal the hearts
By sorrow broken, freedom to proclaim
To wretched captives, and recovery
Of sight to them who now in darkness sit;
To preach the welcome year of jubilee.’
The book he clos’d, and whilst all eyes were fix’d
In eager, mute attention he began.
‘ This very hour this scripture is fulfill’d;
For I am he the prophet has foretold,
Who shall declare the purposes of grace,
And mercy of the everlasting God.’

“ Whilst all appear’d astonish’d at his words,
A murmur through the great assembly ran,
‘ Is not this Joseph’s son? the carpenter!
Amongst us born? how then can one so mean
Presume to speak thus highly of himself?
And when (as well he knew their inmost thoughts,)
He sought to prove their pride without excuse;

Enrag'd they thrust him from the synagogue ;
And to the mountain's brow whereon was built
The tow'ring city, hastily they brought
The passive victim of their cruel wrath
Thence headlong to cast down. Th' o'erhanging rock
Frown'd on the depth below, and threaten'd fate ;
But suddenly their hands let go their hold,
Restrain'd by pow'r divine, whilst he pass'd through
The gazing multitude, and went his way.

“ And still whene'er he sought his glorious truths
divine

To fix upon their dark, benighted minds,
They hated him, and ever shunn'd the light,
Which as from Heav'n with brightest splendor shone.
When at his mighty word the blind and dumb
Both spake and saw ; when dæmons heard, and fled
The wretched bodies they had long possess'd,
With harden'd folly they ascribed his works
To Beelzebub, the prince of Hell's dark pow'rs.
What could withstand such prejudice perverse ?

He sigh'd in spirit for their wickedness,
And by strong arguments would fain convince
Their blinded minds of folly and of sin ;
Then solemnly forewarn'd them that the man
Who should blaspheme the Spirit's mighty pow'r
Hath ne'er forgiveness ; but eternal woe
Awaits his wretched soul. Yet all in vain,
His godlike works, his messages of peace,
His awful warnings, all in vain to men,
Who to the voice of wisdom and of truth,
Though ne'er before so sweetly charming heard,
No willing ear would lend, as adders deaf.
Inspir'd by hellish rage they sought his life,
And now by wicked hands have crucified
The son of David and th' Anointed King."

Again the sword of sorrow pierc'd her heart,
And Mary's voice expir'd in deepest sighs.

IMMANUEL.

PART VII.

IMMANUEL.

WHEN a beloved relative has sunk
In Death's cold arms, and left these earthly scenes;
No hope, no comfort to our sorrowing breasts,
On this side the dark portal then appears.
With them we wish to gain a happier clime,
Where friends ne'er part, and sorrow never comes.
But should the tender hand of Sympathy
Our tears remove, whilst with her soothing voice
She speaks the virtues of the friend we mourn;
Our hearts are mov'd, we listen to the tale,
Live o'er again the happy, blissful time
We once had known when by their presence blest;

And fancy that we see our eye's desire
Again before us stand.

So did the friends
Of Jesus find some solace, whilst they heard
The virgin mother or her foster-son
Record his glorious works, and gracious words.
All, save the wretched Peter. He with groans,
And deepest grief, receiv'd each cheering word.
“ Oh! what to me the history of his deeds?”
He sighing said; “ each word inflicts a wound
In my perturbed conscience. I forsook
My Lord and Master in his utmost need,
Denied with oaths and curses him I lov'd,
Whilst with a pitying look he scarce reproach'd
My base ingratitude. Not half so keen,
A dagger to my wretched heart had been,
As that majestic, mercy-beaming eye,
Which then from Pilate's bar arrested mine.
For I had seen his wonder-working pow'r,
When on the Galilean lake we toil'd.

Ye sons of Zebedee, and Andrew too
(My brother and my ever constant friend),
Ye help'd to bring the burden'd net to shore,
And then with me forsook our gainful toil,
To follow our lov'd Lord.

“For I had known
His heart compassionate for those distress'd;
When the sick mother of my dear Kezia
Was to her couch confined by fever's rage;
How with a voice divine the plague he stay'd,
And health infus'd through every beating vein,
So that she instantly arose, and serv'd
With ready active limbs and grateful heart.

“And I had witness'd the o'erpow'ring scene,
When Tabor's mount became the mount of God
As thither he retir'd apart to pray.
How with refulgent lustre he appear'd,
Than lightning more resplendent, whilst his robes
Shone white and dazzling, such as ne'er on earth

The fuller's art would strive to imitate.
More glorious than the sun in noon-day strength,
His countenance with heav'nly brightness beam'd.
Two other forms we saw in radiant robes,
With whom he held long converse, as they spake
Of his decease, which at Jerusalem
He shortly should accomplish. Moses one,
Who led his people out from Egypt's land,
And Pharaoh's cruel bondage. He who gave
The law to Israel; and with him stood
He who restor'd the long neglected law,
Elijah, zealous for the Lord his God.
And whilst they spake we felt a heav'nly calm,
(Ye, James and John, were witnesses with me)
A peace of mind possess'd our ev'ry pow'r,
Which the world knows not, and can ne'er bestow.
' Lord it is good here evermore to dwell;
O let us make,' we said, ' commodious tents
For thee and these great prophets.' This we spake
Not knowing what to say or how address
The glorious form then present to our view.

But as we spake a bright, o'ershadowing cloud
From Heaven descended and envelop'd us,
Whilst we astonish'd, heard a voice proclaim
From out the midst: 'Behold, my son belov'd,
In whom my soul delighteth! Hear ye him.'
O'erwhelm'd with awful dread we prostrate fell.
Th' Almighty words resounded in our ears,
And fill'd our hearts with terror and dismay.
Our spirits sank within us, till the Lord
With gentle voice recall'd our scatter'd thoughts,
And bade us fear not whilst by him sustain'd.
Around we cast our eyes and saw none near,
Save Jesus in his customary garb.

“ Oh how could I neglect his warning words,
When with a rash, intemp'rate zeal, I cried,
Though all men should deny thee I will not.
With his prophetic spirit he foresaw
Ere the cock crew I should deny him thrice;
That Satan soon would sift my wav'ring faith,
And find me wanting. 'But I'll pray for thee,

(With love divine, he said) that thy weak faith
Be strengthen'd by thy fall.'—Oh, how can I
In Heav'n, or earth, e'er meet my Lord again ?
With Judas the curs'd traitor, I deserve
To have my wretched lot. O let me weep,
Till in forgetfulness I lose my woe.
Break, break, my heart; dissolve my very soul,
Nor dare to think of him thou hast denied."
Thus Simon bitterly bewail'd his crime,
Till sorrow chok'd his utterance, and he ceas'd
To speak his mighty grief.

But now a voice,
In accents scarcely human, fast arrests
The hush'd assembly's rais'd attentive ears.
Lazarus of pallid hue, and look serene,
(Who to the world of spirits seem'd allied,
Though in this lower sphere he still remain'd)
With heav'nly grace and dignity arose,
And thus pour'd forth, in tones celestial,
The warm emotions of his faithful heart.

“ Followers of Jesus! at that sacred name,
Let hopeless sorrow cease to agonize
Your troubled breasts. Let lively hope disperse
Your sad desponding fears. What, though the tomb
In its dark mansion hold His dear remains ;
In Heaven He lives and reigns. He fills all space,
And with his energy divine pervades
The vast creation. This to me was shewn,
When from this frame corporeal I was call'd,
To taste the pure delights of souls in Heaven;
Nor, till this moment, have I e'er reveal'd,
(For so was I enjoin'd) the glorious truths
To my enraptur'd spirit then made known ;
But now the time is come, when in your ears,
I am permitted to recount the scenes
(To mortal pow'rs o'erwhelming) I pass'd through,
In my short sojourn to the world of bliss.

“ Scarce had my body, worn by sore disease,
Its final, quiv'ring, struggle made with death,

Ere half dislodg'd, my soul no longer felt
Its sympathy with pain, from suff'ring freed;
But when its full escape from flesh was made,
I felt new powers, new energies commence,
New being, and a latent, conscious glow
Of spiritual life. All eye, all ear,
All intellect, I cast a glance around;
Saw my beloved sisters o'er my corpse
Their lamentations pouring, and with tears
Bedewing the still form: heard them complain,
Oh, why did Jesus tarry? had he come
Their brother had not died; and when I sought
Some consolation to administer
To their afflicted minds, surprized, I found
My words upon their ears no sound would leave.
But whilst in short suspense my soul was held
What course it should pursue, a lovely form
Clear as the dew-drops sparkling in the sun,
In robes of light and heav'nly splendor dress'd,
Approach'd my new-born spirit, and with grace
Unknown 'mongst mortals, thus accosted me."

‘ O Lazarus ! beloved of thy God,
I welcome thee into this better world.
No stranger am I to the pious course
Thou hast through life pursued ; thy pray’rs and alms
Have been accepted at the throne of grace,
And shall remain a sweet memorial
Of thy strong faith, till that dread, solemn day,
When quick and dead to judgment shall arise.
Thy guardian angel, I, have watch’d thy growth
From tender infancy to years mature ;
Have oft suppress’d the vain desires of youth,
Restrain’d its wild career, and led thee safe
Through shoals, and quicksands, and the hidden rocks,
Which in the stream of life are ever found.
Rejoic’d, I saw thee lay aside the weight
Of earthly cares, and put thy trust in Him
Who careth for thee, and hath well supplied
Thine ev’ry want ; hath crown’d thy life with good,
And giv’n thee now to taste His love divine.
O happy Lazarus ! with whom the Lord,
The great Messiah, oft hath held converse,

And all a brother's love hath shewn to thee.
By him commission'd, I must still attend
Thy sep'rate spirit, and accompany
Thy disembodied being in its range
From scenes terrene, to that bright seat of bliss
Where all the faithful dwell; whence thou indeed
Must, ere five suns encompass this dark earth,
Return, and for a stated period dwell
With man again, thy mortal form assume,
And live a monument of pow'r divine.'

“ Bless'd angel, I replied, to whose kind care
Committed from my birth, my wand'ring soul
Owes its return to paths of peace and joy,
Accept my grateful thanks for all thy love.
And still be thou my guide; conduct my feet
(No longer to this lower sphere confin'd)
Where'er thou art appointed. What He wills,
Who did commission thee, is ever best.
But if consistent with his gracious mind,
O take me where I may behold his face,

Admire his wond'rous acts of love and pow'r,
And hear his words of everlasting truth."

'Well dost thou speak,' he said, 'but know,
O Man,
That not to human form confin'd, the Son
Of the most High dwells not on earth alone;
He fills all nature, but peculiarly
In faithful breasts takes up his residence.
Such as in ages past have been discharg'd
From the great conflict waged with Sin and Death,
And victors through his own almighty pow'r,
Are seated in the happy realms above.

'Know, that as yonder glorious orb of day,
In its circumference of light and heat,
Embodied meets thine eye, and in that space
Appears confin'd; but darts its quick'ning beams
And life-inspiring warmth through eireling worlds,
Whilst ev'ry atom owns its kindly pow'r,
And each revolving system feels its sway:

So doth the Sun of Righteousness impart
To the whole universe its life and bliss.
This whirling planet, and yon rolling spheres
In various order moving, speak His might
Who all sustains; shines in the solar blaze;
“ Tempests the ocean;” calms the surging waves;
With his loud thunders shakes the solid earth;
Or in a milder form betrays his pow’r,
Where vegetation to thy charmed eye
Reveals the high-wrought workmanship of God.
But chief his wisdom, and his glory shine
In being intellectual, whereof Man
Doth most display his attributes divine.
His gracious dealings with offending Man
Angels still search into, but fathom not;
Still they adore the mystery of God,
And to the heritors of heav’nly grace,
Daily administer. On thee I wait,
First to conduct thee through these lower spheres,
Inform thee of some further truths conceal’d
From those who still in mortal flesh remain,

Then up to Heav'n's high courts to lead thy feet;
Where for a time permitted thou wilt be
To gaze in ecstasy, and lose thyself
In uncreated bliss.'

“ Angelic love

Beam'd from his face of hue celestial,
As thus he spake, and o'er my spirit cast
A shining robe of colours ' dipt in heav'n.'
He then for flight prepar'd his pendent wings,
And bade me follow in his airy course.
I rose, and found no obstacle from beams
Or rafter'd roof. My buoyant spirit mov'd
Where'er my will directed, and my guide
Resplendent led me on. Lov'd Bethany
We left, and o'er Jerusalem's strong tow'rs
In a short moment pass'd. The temple rose
In solemn earthly grandeur 'fore our eyes.
' Here let us stay awhile,' the angel said,
' And view the busy scene. See, yonder sit
Some learned Rabbis, conning o'er the law,
And rend'ring vain its penalties and force

By their traditions, laying heavy weights
On others' shoulders, whilst themselves bear not
The smallest burden: their whole aim to know
The art of making men subservient
To their low interests, and selfish views.

‘Behold that Pharisee with solemn gait,
Approaching the interior holy place.
Hear his proud boast of services perform’d,
Of fasts, and tithes, and freedom from all crime.
No hard extortioner, nor e’er unjust;
From foul adultery free, he ne’er has sinn’d
Like yonder publican, who sighing stands
At humble distance, smiting on his breast;
And all his pray’r, O God, be merciful
To me a sinner vile. See how that suit
Acceptance finds, wafted to Heav’n’s high courts
By yon angelic spirit, whilst the man
Who boasts his righteousness, no grace attends;
But on his proud presumptuous heart recoils,
Without Heav’n’s blessing, the vain sacrifice
Of base hypocrisy.

‘ Now mark the place,
The treasury call’d, where many rich men cast
Their ostentatious gifts. The heavy gold
Falls on the shining heap, and sounding, draws
The rous’d attention of the passers-by.
But here comes one with feeble gait, and slow,
Leaning upon her staff, and scarcely finds
Admittance through the pressing, bustling throng:
At length the steps she gains, and cheerfully
Casts in two mites, the pittance she had earn’d
By a day’s labour of her aged hands.
’Tis all her little store, and well content
The day without her daily food to pass,
So that she may devote to Him she lov’d
A token of her humble gratitude.
Her God, her Saviour, graciously accepts
The offering of her heart, and marks the gift
With his divine regard.

‘ But now the priests
With busy hands prepare a sacrifice,

That morning offer'd 'fore the temple's porch.
Unconscious of its fate, the rampant beast
Receives its death-wound, and the gushing life
Flows out apace. The quiv'ring limbs,
And reeking inwards in due order plac'd,
Upon the sacred altar are consum'd
By hallow'd fire. The multitude around,
Without the fear of God, by custom rul'd,
Offer the vain oblation. Angels stand
To watch if any contrite heart be found,
And bear its humble breathings to the throne
Of him, who ever hears the pray'r of faith,
And watch almost in vain. The Publican
With penitential tears alone appear'd,
Whilst Scribes and Pharisees with harden'd hearts
Trusting in their own merits find no grace.'

“ My guide then led me from the temple's walls :
Through the mid air we pass'd the city's din,
And steer'd our course, beyond where Jordan rolls
Its yellow streams, to Bethabara's town.

There Jesus taught, and ye, my much-lov'd friends,
With pleasure listen'd to his heav'nly truths.
When suddenly intelligence arriv'd
Of my decease. We saw, as we approach'd,
Your sympathising tears, and heard the Lord
Declare his firm resolve to brave all risk
Of danger from the foes who sought his life
That he might go to Bethany and wake
His sleeping friend. Devoted Thomas too
We heard address his faithful brethren,
' Let us, to death, accompany our Lord :'
But whilst the charming appellation " Friend "
Pronounc'd by Jesus, thrill'd my very soul,
And your devoted love rejoic'd my heart,
Oh ! how shall I describe th' amazing scene
Which to my spiritual sight appear'd.
In human form the Deity I saw
Resplendent beaming in diverging rays
Around the godlike man ; compar'd with whom
Yon sun that sheds its light o'er distant worlds
Sinks into shade, and darkness self becomes.

I lov'd, and yet ador'd, and prostrate fell
Before his glorious presence. At his word,
My bright conductor his assistance gave,
And strengthen'd me to stand before his face.
Nor let me e'er forget the kind embrace
With which he then receiv'd my trembling soul.
My friend and brother he [still call'd himself.
Confirm'd his love divine, and fill'd my soul
And all its pow'rs with ecstacy of joy.

‘Now take thy flight to yonder heav'ns,’ he said,
‘And view the mansions of eternal bliss;
Then back to earth return, and a few days
Sojourn in flesh again; but hide these things
Within thy breast, until the Son of Man
Beneath the silent tomb shall be interr'd.’
I comprehended not this mystery,
But to his word obedient, prepar'd
With my angelic guide to seek Heav'n's gates.
We travers'd sea and land, and in our course
Full oft we met departing human souls

Who (save a few) sad lamentation made
For sins committed in their short career,
And fearful looking-for of fiery wrath.
We heard, almost dismay'd, blaspheming tongues
Cursing the pow'r that into being brought
Their wretched souls, themselves exculpating ;
Though deaf to all the forcible appeals
Of reason, truth, and conscience, they had sinn'd.
Angels of darkness hurried them away
From this fair earth to regions of the damn'd,
Where they await the solemn judgment day.

But to the seat of th' heav'nly paradise
At length arriv'd, we gladly now beheld
A long successive train of spirits pure
Who sought admittance to that blest abode.
Some from all people, nations, kindreds, tongues,
From East, and West, and North, and Southern
climes,
Who trusting in th' Almighty Father's grace,
Had strength received to work out righteousness.

But chiefly infant souls increas'd the throng,
Releas'd from their probation, ere begun
Their conflict with temptation. Angels led
The happy young immortals to the gates
Glittering with orient gems. No flaming sword
Appear'd to guard the ready op'ning doors;
But narrow was the portal, and we pass'd
In silent order through the finite bound
Of hoary Time, and instantly commenced
Our entrance on a blest Infinity.
Pure was the region: bath'd in heav'nly bliss,
My soul acquir'd a vigour ne'er conceiv'd
By mortal man; else had astonishment
Seiz'd ev'ry faculty, and render'd vain
The wondrous grace of our Redeemer God.

“ A far extended plain first met our view,
Boundless on either hand; whilst in the midst
Arose a city, tow'ring high, and built
On firm foundations, which proclaim'd around
Its maker and its architect divine.

Each quarter fronted with a wall secure,
Three gates presented form'd of silv'ry pearl.
The city's height, and far continuous length,
And spreading breadth were equal. Mansions high,
Reaching from midmost to the highest heav'ns,
(Twelve thousand furlongs by an angel's reed)
Form'd streets celestial. Jasper and gold
Clearer than glassy chrystal; precious stones,
Sapphire, and emerald, and amethyst;
Sardonix, chrysolite, and sardius
In rich abundance shed their living light
Throughout the place, in beauteous order rang'd.
Nor light of sun was needed, nor of moon
Reflecting his bright beams; for there did shine
The brightness of the glory of the Lord,
Surpassing all created light, as Heav'n
Surpasses earth. The blest inhabitants,
For ever freed from sorrow and from sin,
Secure from all assault of adverse pow'rs,
Still in increasing rapture pass'd the hours.

“Forth from the city, through its shining gates,
Full oft the thronging multitude would press,
And spread o’er all the plain, would seek its heights,
Or hide within the groves of heav’nly trees,
Yielding sweet umbrage; to the tuneful sounds
Of minstrel harpers, utt’ring songs divine
In sweetest praises to redeeming Love,
Delighted listen, and with grateful tongues
The swelling chorus join. My angel guide
With joy, (the joy of spirits and the blest)
Conducted me to one of these retreats;
Where from a soul of late arriv’d from earth,
A company select were met to learn
Some tidings of the great Messiah’s course.

‘Behold,’ he said, ‘thine earthly sire, who hears,
Transported with parental joy, that oft
The Son of God hath visited thine house,
And lov’d thee as a friend: then further look,
And watch that happy spirit who seems rapt
In ecstasy, and pours out thanks to God.

'Tis thy beloved Tirzah, she to whom
Thy soul was knit in bonds of purest love,
Snatch'd from thy dear embrace, and hither brought
By grace divine, to taste the bliss of Heav'n.
To her will I now lead thee, and with her
Will leave thy joyful spirit. From her lips,
More pleas'd wilt thou the grateful knowledge learn
Of this blest state. I shortly shall return
To guide thee back to earth.'—He said, and swift,
Conducted by his hand, I flew to meet,
With warmest salutation, my belov'd,
Who had espied my coming. O'er her form,
Bright with celestial beauty, I had gaz'd
E'en till this moment, lost in rapt'rous love;
But that my guardian with his voice recall'd
My scarce collected thoughts. 'O Tirzah, take,'
He smiling said, 'thy much lov'd Lazarus,
And teach him how to tread the courts of Heav'n.
For a small interval he is allow'd
To traverse these bright regions, then return
To yonder earth, and, for a season, dwell

In mortal flesh again; but in due time
Shall he re-enter this blest paradise,
And dwell forever in his Saviour's love.
Thus spake my guide, then wing'd his shining course
To highest heaven, and sought the throne of God."

Here John with interposing voice address'd
The list'ning, mute assembly. " Friends," he said,
" Already is the day far spent, and now
Your strength exhausted some refreshment needs.
Behold some bread and wine, 'tis all my store.
I pray thee, Laz'rus, take thy portion first,
And for a moment stay thy wond'rous tale.
Then, with recruited pow'rs, thy lov'd discourse
Shall be resum'd." He said, and each (with thanks
To Him who spread their table with blest food,
And still provided for their daily wants)
Partook in turn the temperate repast.

IMMANUEL.

PART VIII.



IMMANUEL.

NOR eye hath seen, nor mortal ear hath heard,
Nor busy thoughts of man have e'er conceiv'd
The joys of that celestial abode,
Prepar'd of God for those who love the Son.

Our earthly habitation must dissolve,
Mortal become immortal and divine,
Ere we can comprehend the infinite
Of Love, surpassing all created ken,
And bounded only by Eternity,
Reserv'd for rebel Man, reclaim'd by Grace.

Yet even here some shining rays have beam'd
From those pure regions, seats of heav'nly bliss;
He who from highest Heaven came down, de-
clares

That in that house built by th' Eternal hands,
Are many mansions, where the just reside,
Where Abr'am and a num'rous faithful race
Securely rest, sever'd by gulf profound
(Impassable and fathomless its depth)
From the dread pit of endless misery.

The new Jerusalem in radiant tints,
To thy supernal vision once appear'd,
Apocalyptic John. Nor yet to thee,
Converted Paul, when in thy rapid flight
To the third canopy celestial
Thou passedst once, caught up by pow'r divine,
Was it denied to see that blest abode;
Which made thee long to quit this mortal state,
And be for ever with thy Lord ador'd.

Unutterable is the bliss of Heav'n.
Nor John, nor Paul, nor Laz'rus could express
To mortal ears the sense of joys divine,
Which like a sea in waves of pleasure rolls,
And lifts each soul to unimagi'd heights
Of rapturous ecstasy. But some faint lines
(Enlighten'd by thy beams, eternal Truth!)
I fain would trace, and strive to represent,
In earthly terms, the heav'nly colloquy,
Which Laz'rus with his much lov'd Tirzah held.

The hasty meal dispatch'd, with anxious looks,
Nor yet consol'd, nor quite disconsolate,
The sorrowing assembly turn'd to him,
The friend of Jesus stil'd. With eye benign
He saw the mute request, and thus began.

“ I cannot to your mortal sense describe
The heav'nly transports of the blest above.
My Tirzah, and my sire rever'd, receiv'd
With kindred love my angel-guided soul.

Nor yet to them confin'd, the sacred bliss,
(Such as is felt throughout the courts of Heav'n
O'er each repentant sinner) fill'd the breasts
Of all who sat around, and heard the words
Of my conductor. In their fond embrace
My sire and Tirzah held me; till at length
These words from Simeon came. ' Welcome, my
son,

My Lazarus, in whom a father's heart
Hath long since sought its dearest earthly joy;
Welcome to this blest state of heav'nly rest.'
Then Tirzah with a voice of sweetest sound,
' And art thou here arriv'd, my friend?' she said,
' Whose converse oft on earth hath rais'd my hopes
To this abode of innocence and peace,
And made me wish the happy moment near
That should release my soul to earth confin'd,
And bring me to my God. Yet oh! how faint,
Our highest, best, conceptions when compar'd
With the bright glories that are here display'd.
Behold these happy spirits round thee plac'd;

With ardent joy, they hail thy late release
From yonder sinful world, and welcome thee
Into this blissful state. But that thy fate
Forbids thee here to rest, they now would learn
From thee, O highly favour'd Lazarus!
The history of our lov'd Immanuel.
In Him is all our bliss, and Him to know,
Is our eternal life. Soon shall thy feet
Revisit these celestial plains. Thy lips
Shall then recount the wonders thou hast seen.
But now obedient to the angel's word,
I will attend thy steps through these blest courts,
And shew thee heav'nly joys.'—She said, and rais'd
Her beauteous form above the circling throng.
Seizing my hand, she led me through the groves
Of heav'nly trees, distilling sacred sweets,
And life-inspiring fragrance. In our course,
Full oft we met some spirit, or from earth,
Or some remoter world of late arriv'd;
But still from earth, in brightness, all excell'd,
And holy lustre.

“ Whence, my Tirzah, say,
Are earth’s inhabitants so highly blest?
I wond’ring cried. ‘ Oh Lazarus!’ she said,
‘ The cause of thine astonishment is that
Which still in human minds creates surprise,
When first they enter this blest paradise.
Behold what God hath wrought! and hence-
forth know
That in the righteousness of Christ array’d,
Each soul appears so dazzling in thy sight.
No longer servants, but the sons of God,
Joint heirs of bliss with his eternal Son,
Rescu’d from depths of Hell, and rais’d to sit
On everlasting thrones, judging the pow’rs,
Who still rebel against his sov’reign will.

‘ See yonder spirit, happy in his God,
(From the huge four-moon’d circling orb he comes)
He ne’er has known the bitter pangs of death,
The sorrows of a wounded, broken heart,

Th' appalling sentence of eternalwoe,
Denounc'd by Justice on his guilty head:
Nor has he known, what far surpasses all
That angels or arch-angels comprehend,
The love of God to sinful, guilty Man.
For pardon is the least we have obtain'd;
To heights of holy joy thou mayst aspire,
Boundless as is the bliss of Deity:
And now to God allied (by grace divine
Of Him who bears the curse for guilty man),
Nor height, nor depth, nor intervening breadth,
Nor pow'rs of earth, or Heav'n, or Hell can part
Our happy souls from his all-conq'ring Love.

‘ Then taste and take thy fill at that pure stream,
Which from the throne of God doth ever flow,
Perennial joys dispensing through these plains,
And raptures, which redeemed souls alone
Are privileg'd to know. Thro' these bright seats,
And blooming verdant groves it pours its course;

But yonder city in the midst contains

Its vast receptacle, Love infinite—

Ineffable—by tongue of mortal man.

Thine eyes shall soon behold the wondrous scene ;'

She said, and straight we reach'd the tow'ring wall,

Enter'd a pearly gate, and saw around,

On either side, a thronging multitude,

Such as no man could number of the blest ;

Their stedfast eyes beheld the heav'nly light,

Reflected in a thousand varied forms,

Which shone with glorious lustre all around :

The sacred beams of Majesty, and Truth,

And Love, and Holiness, which circling shed

From the Shekinah of th' Omnipotent,

The great mysterious Three-One, their rays,

All glorious as their thought-surpassing source.

There they behold, and wonder, and adore ;

Whilst each increase in heav'nly bliss prepares

Their pow'rs enlarging, to receive new joys

In endless, large fruition. Nor to them,

Is it denied a grateful intercourse

With saints in ages long since hither come.

‘ To Adam, first of men, and consort Eve, ‘
(Thus spake my Tīrzah in my list’ning ears);
To Abel, martyr’d by a brother’s hands;
Enoch, who never felt death’s icy grasp,
But chang’d his mortal for immortal robes,
And with his body glorified partakes
That high distinction with two other saints:
Moses, who gave the Law, and him, the seer
So zealous for the glory of his God,
Elijah, rapt from earth by flaming steeds,
Securely plac’d within a fiery car;
To Noah, who beheld a delug’d world,
The first great wreck of nature, yet surviv’d
That day of retribution, and of wrath;
To Abraham, name rever’d by all who since
Like him have pass’d on earth a pilgrim life,
Seeking to gain this city of our God;
By faith still guided, and at God’s command
Forsaking all, and bursting e’en the ties
Which strongest twine around the human heart,
When with uplifted arm, a fatal stroke

He aim'd at his beloved Isaac's breast;
To David, would I lead thy willing feet,
Whose heav'nly strains excel his earthly songs,
And warm our hearts whilst we th' Eternal praise;
Whose harp mellifluous sounds o'er all the plain,
Harmonious with the high angelic choir;
But that his greater Son thou hast so late
Seen with thine eyes, and heard his gracious words.

‘ Oh bliss unspeakable ! what joy to know
The great Supreme in lowly, human form,
Casting aside his awful majesty, ,
Submitting to be born of Mary's womb,
Obedient to an earthly parent's rule,
Laborious servant to ungrateful man,
The friend of sinners, and a sacrifice
For, what his righteous soul abhorreth,—Sin.
Thou canst but love thy Maker, and thy God :
Thy friend, and brother, now he calls himself,
And values e'en thy small return of Love.
No longer then will I detain thee here,

The brightest glories of these heav'nly courts.
Will fade before the beauties of his face.
See, yonder comes thy kind angelic guide,
To reconduct thee where thou mayst behold
The great Immanuel, imbibe his truths,
Grow in his heav'nly grace, and imitate
His virtues all divine. Go then, and quit
This tow'ring city, whose gem'd palaces
Shall be ere long thy blest secure abode.
Then shall we never part, but as on earth
Our souls by sympathy together join'd,
Each other's joys partook ; so will our bliss,
United in the bonds of heav'nly love,
Inseparable be through endless years.'

“ Thus spake my Tirzah, and her dear adieu
Long sounded in mine ears. I quickly pass'd
The heav'nly barrier, and enter'd earth,
Attended by my guide. To Bethany,
Attracted by resistless energy,
Swift on the rapid wings of thought I flew.

Ye know the sequel. At the solemn words,
' Laz'rus come forth,' my spirit join'd its clay,
And rising from the tomb, aloud proclaim'd
His energy divine, who call'd me forth.

“ E'er since that hour, my happy lot hath been
Still to attend His steps, and note the words
Of wisdom infinite, and sov'reign grace.
Oh then for ever trust your gracious Lord,
And heav'nly joys partake. For me, I go
Ere long to find my Saviour, and my God,
Where he shall reign supreme, and glorious sit
At the right hand of majesty on high.
Know that this day of horror, and of woe,
Hath rous'd e'en heav'nly spirits, and the souls
In paradise (permitted by their God
To visit earth,) have view'd the dreadful scene,
Our eyes have witness'd.' Midst the blessed throng
My Tirzah came, and hath reveal'd to me
That ere to-morrow dawn, I shall rejoin
The glorious company of saints above.”

Thus Laz'rus spake, a heav'nly hue o'erspread
His raptur'd countenance, his hands he rais'd,
As if to Heav'n, then vanish'd from their sight.

The dawn indeed approach'd, 'twas midnight's
hour;

But heedless of the time, the company
Of friends, and follow'rs of The Crucified,
Their eager, mute attention had bestow'd
Upon the wondrous tale. Scarce could they trust
Their senses thus surprised, and question'd much,
If some illusion had not pass'd their eyes,
Or list'ning ears. Faith, Hope, and Fear by turns
Possess'd their wav'ring minds. By one consent,
At length they bow the knee, whilst John Belov'd
Pour'd out before their Father, and their God,
Their humble supplications. Now they sought
His counsel to direct their doubtful path;
Now they committed all their ways to him,
And plac'd their trust in his almighty aid.

He heard their cry, and whilst they sought his
face,
Infus'd into their souls a heav'nly calm—
The peace of God—which far surpasses all
That vain philosophy can e'er bestow.

Thus comforted, they sought their sev'ral homes,
Where they might strength recruit by sweet repose ;
All, save the warm-affection'd Magdalene,
Who with the other Mary, parent dear
Of apostolic James, with Salome,
And Chuza's wife (brought up in Herod's court,
Yet earthly pomp forsaking for the Lord,)
Sought not repose ; but urg'd by ardent love
Prepar'd more spices, and, ere dawn appear'd,
With eager steps hasten'd where Jesus lay.

“Ah ! who shall roll away the massy stone ?”
They to each other question'd as they went ;
“ In vain our feeble limbs th' attempt shall make.
Oh, that some help were nigh ; but let us go

And watch around the henceforth sacred spot,
Where rest his dear remains. Peter perchance,
Or John Belov'd, may pass ere long this way,
And their kind aid afford."—Scarce had these words
Escap'd the lips of Mary Magdalene,
Ere, drawing near the lonely spot, they found
The cavern's mouth was open'd, and the stone
Pond'rous, and large, roll'd from the hollow'd rock.
Hard by, upon the ground, a wretched man,
As if with terror struck, lay motionless.
A soldier's arms and crested helm he wore,
And seem'd a Roman guard : his eyeballs fix'd
In stupid glare beheld their near approach,
Whilst with an incoherent voice he spake :
" Are ye from Heav'n or spectres of the night?"
He said, then plac'd before his harrow'd sight,
His trembling, palsied hands. " Oh no, not so,"
The women mildly answer'd ; " but we seek
T' embalm the dear remains of one interr'd,
Where yonder stone once clos'd the silent tomb.
Say, hast not thou with sacrilegious hands,

Disturb'd the relics of the pious dead?
Or what occasions now thy fearful starts,
As though thy horror-stricken sight survey'd
Some dreadful form, or dæmon from below?"

Sooth'd by the voice of female gentleness,
(Oh, what cannot that grateful voice achieve
When rais'd to calm the tumults in man's breast,)
The panie soldier quick recover'd all
His scatter'd senses. Rising from the ground,
He ask'd their patient hearing, whilst a tale,
Fraught with terrific horror he'd unfold;
And thus began :—" A band of armed men,
Cull'd from the Roman legion, such as ne'er
Had turn'd aside from honour's dangerous path,
Or safety sought by ignominious flight,
When hostile forces aim'd their deadly rage,
Was hither order'd to surround yon tomb,
And keep inviolate this lonesome spot.
All the long day we pass'd in mutual jest,
And ridicul'd the childish fears of those,

Who such strong guard would place o'er lifeless
clay.

Midnight came on, and I with fifty more,
For valour call'd the bravest of the brave,
In turn succeeded to the cautious watch.
Time seem'd to stay its ever rapid course :
No sound disturb'd the silence of the night,
Save when the sentinel the watchword gave
Or chanticler proclaim'd the morn's approach.
Impatient we 'gan wait for early dawn,
And felt a horror never known before :
When, through the twilight gloom, a dreadful glare,
And vivid as the lightning's rapid flash,
Our pow'rs of vision seiz'd. Whiter than snow,
A form from Heav'n, borne on expanded wings,
With arm of might to heave this earth aside,
To yonder tomb descended, and its mouth,
Clos'd with this rocky fragment, straightway op'd ;
The ground beneath in strange convulsions mov'd,
Whilst on the wings of fear the cohort fled.
Senseless I fell, nor dar'd to look around
Till by your voice arous'd. Oh, then with me

Fly from this hallow'd spot, and safety seek
Within the peopled city's walls."—He said,
Nor waited their reply, but instant sought
Amidst a multitude to lose his fears.

With hearts, by faith, secur'd from false alarm,
The careful women to the sepulchre
With hasty feet approach'd, and drawing near
A heav'nly form perceiv'd. Upon the stone,
Hard by the op'ning tomb, in splendid state,
The pow'r angelic rested, and with words
Of tender consolation sought t' allay
Their rising consternation. "Fear not ye,"
He mildly said, "The Crucified ye seek.
He is not here, but risen, as he spake
Full oft within your ears. Behold the place
Where Jesus lay, the ever blessed Lord;
Then quickly go and tell his sorrowing friends
That He indeed is risen from the dead,
And goeth to the Galilean coast.
There shall your eyes behold him; lo! I've said."
The angel ceas'd, then vanish'd from their sight.

The empty sepulchre they quickly left,
And turn'd their feet to Salem's sacred walls,
In haste the joyful tidings to reveal
To their lov'd friends. Ah now what sound is heard?
'Tis Jesus' self meets their astonish'd view,
And with "All hail," in accents all divine,
Accosts their ravish'd ears. His hallow'd feet
They falling prostrate seize, whilst they adore
Th' eternal Son. "Dismiss your fears," he said,
"And straight inform my brethren that they go
Without delay to Galilee, for there
Shall they behold me."

Now their joyful course

They speed, to seek their mourning, downcast friends,
To whom they might communicate the words
Of their arisen Lord. But unbelief
Denied all consolation, and in vain
Did Magdalene declare the great events
They just had witness'd: all her words appear'd
As idle tales to Peter and the rest,

Who, from their couches risen, sought the path
That led where still they deem'd their Jesus lay.

Oh, Unbelief! the source of all our woe,
How dost thou triumph in the heart of Man.
Thy chilling touch doth blight the fondest hopes,
Doth turn the fruitful garden to a wild,
And all its beauteous produce doth convert
To thorns, and thistles, and the pointed briar.
Where'er thou reign'st, the dews of heav'n become
A pestilential vapour, and in vain
Are showers of blessings pour'd upon the ground.
Thy sire was Sin, once lov'd of false Self-will;
From such curs'd intercourse she brought thee forth,
Admir'd thy hideous form and growing strength,
And then in pride and stubbornness of heart,
She sent thee through the world at large to roam,
Pois'ning with baleful influence the source
Of joys perennial. What though the Son,
Th' anointed of the Father, Heav'n's great King,
Had laid aside his robes of majesty,

Concealing from his creatures the full blaze
Of his eternal glories; lest o'erwhelm'd,
Their hearts should faint within them at the sight.
What though in humble, lowly guise he trod
His footstool earth, and 'mongst his people dwelt,
Displaying wisdom, pow'r, and love divine:
What though for them he suffer'd, bled, and died;
And, to crown all, again rose from the dead,
To justify their faith and make it strong:
Yet if thy hard'ning pow'r benumb the heart,
More wretched than the devils who believe,
And tremble too, thy vot'ry shall become.
And these will be th' appalling, damning words,
When from the Judge his sentence he shall hear,
"That heav'nly light hath visited the earth,
But he hath lov'd in darkness to remain,
Because his deeds were evil."

And e'en ye,
On whom the Sun of Righteousness hath shone
With healing beams; how oft do ye deplore

The intervening clouds of Unbelief
Your brightest days o'ershadowing. Oh, then drive
Far, far away, the monster from your breast;
Recline upon the promise of a God
Your fondest hopes. Trust Him, for ever trust.
Ye shall be kept by his almighty pow'r,
Through faith, unto salvation, and your souls
Presented faultless, with exceeding joy,
Before the glories of the Father's face.

IMMANUEL.

PART IX.

THE

OF

IMMANUEL.

AH! wherefore through Jerusalem's lov'd gates,
Forth-issuing along the travell'd road
That leads to thy restoring tepid springs,
Emmaus, where full oft the Jewish king,
Or tetrarch Herod, sought t' allay the pains,
And noisome plague that rag'd in all his frame?
Wherefore, in earnest reasoning and discourse,
Regardless of the passing throng are seen
Two Galileans slowly moving on?
Till interrupted by a stranger's voice,
Who, drawing near, inquires, with kind concern,
"What tidings do ye now communicate

Of import sad ; if that I judge aright
From the deep sorrow on your features mark'd ?"
The traveller's voice stole soft upon their ear ;
It was the voice of friendship and of love ;
His manner too, though meek, yet dignified,
Denoted not vain curiosity.
Attracted by a secret sympathy,
James and Cleopas, so the two were nam'd,
Straight to the stranger open'd all their hearts.

“ Hast thou not known,” they said, “ the wondrous things
Which in these days so lately came to pass ?
How Jesus, him of Nazareth we mean,
A prophet mighty both in word and deed,
As all the people well can testify,
Hath been deliver'd to the Roman pow'r,
By priests and rulers, and condemn'd to death ?
Art thou a stranger from far distant lands,
And hast not heard how they have crucified
Him who we trusted, was rais'd up by God,

His Israel to redeem from all their foes?
But now three days are pass'd, and we, forlorn,
Have parted from our company to seek
Some safe retreat. Tidings indeed were brought,
By pious women who had follow'd long
The steps of him we lov'd, and who this morn
Had visited the sepulchre, and found
His body was not there, that they had seen
Two angels in a vision, who declar'd
He whom they sought was risen from the dead;
But Him they saw not. Now perplex'd we go,
To wait at Emm'uz, trusting that our God
Will yet raise up a great deliverer
For Abraham's chosen seed."

"Oh! foolish men,
And slow of heart," the stranger quick replied,
With seeming warmth, "do ye not yet believe
All that the prophets have long since foretold?
Ought not the Christ to suffer and to die,
And then to enter on that glorious state

Which is appointed him? Have ye ne'er read
The writings of your ancient lawgiver,
And other holy men inspir'd of old,
In dark prophetic vision to foretell
A suff'ring Messiah, on whose heel
The serpent should inflict its venom'd sting,
Ere on its head the deadly blow return'd?
How, when on ass's colt to yonder vine,
The Shiloh to his Israel should come,
Hosannas should resound on ev'ry hand,
Yet he should tread the winepress all alone,
And dye his garments in the crimson tide?

“ How did the psalmist strike his sounding lyre,
When joyfully he sung, ‘ Thou wilt not leave
My soul in Hell, nor let thine Holy One
Corruption see; though wicked, cruel men
Like bulls of Bashan have encompass'd me,
Like rav'ning beasts have roar'd around their prey,
Have pour'd me forth as water in their rage,
Whilst all my bones, disjointed, start and stare

From out my wasted flesh. My heart like wax,
My strength dried up, my parched tongue, declare
My bitter torments; whilst my hands and feet
They pierce with bloody nails.'—Thus sang the King
And Patriarch, David; but ye know, my friends,
His sepulchre remains until this day
In Bethlehem's city, where he lies interr'd.
Know then, that thus he spake in prophecy
Of him, whom God had promis'd with an oath
Should from his loins proceed, anointed King,
On David's throne to sit. As saith the seer,
Prophetic, rapt Isaiah, ' For unto us
A child is born, a son belov'd is giv'n,
Thi' insignia of government shall be
Upon his shoulder, and he shall be call'd
The Mighty God, the Everlasting Sire,
The Prince of Peace; whose still increasing rule,
With justice and with judgment order'd well,
On his great Father's throne, shall know no end.
Yet shall he first be made a sacrifice
For sin, and as a tender plant, or root

That lacketh moisture, shall he then appear,
And with no beauteous form, or comeliness,
To be desir'd. Despis'd, by men cast off;
A mourner all his days; they still shall hide
Their faces from him, shall esteem him vile,
Of God forsaken, stricken, and cast down.
Though for our sins he dies, and bears our griefs,
Afflicted and oppress'd, he opens not
His mouth in sad complaints; but as a lamb,
Is led to slaughter, or the patient sheep
Is shorn beneath the spoiler's hands, is dumb.'
Thus spake Isaiah, and thus holy bards
In their inspired pages all have writ;
And ought not Christ to suffer and to die,
And from the travail of his soul behold
A numerous seed arise, his joy and crown?"

In such discourse the stranger had beguil'd
The devious way: when lo! the town appear'd,
And to a friendly dwelling they had come,
Ere half their journey seem'd to them fulfill'd.

“ Oh, rest thee here,” they to the stranger said,
Who fain would quit them, and his way pursue,
Beyond the precincts of Emmaus’ town.

“ Oh, rest thee here, the day declines apace,
The evening star arises, and the shades
Of night are gath’ring in the cloudy west.
Oh, rest thee here, and to our list’ning ears
Repeat thy lov’d discourse. Our hearts are warm’d,
Whilst thou unfoldest the dark mysteries,
Which till this hour have never been reveal’d
To our benighted minds.”

The stranger heard
Their kind entreaties, urg’d with gentle force,
And ent’ring beneath the lowly roof,
A temperate repast with them partook.
Then bread he brake, and giving thanks to God
For this fresh token of his bounteous grace,
To each their portion, in a form well known,
Presented. With surprise, the two beheld
Their risen Lord, and falling at his feet

Now sought to pay the homage of their hearts;
But ere the words escap'd their joyful lips,
He quick withdrew from their admiring eyes,
And vanish'd, as the rainbow's beauteous tints
Melt in the falling show'r. With haste, they now
Quit their neglected meal, and straight return
To seek their company, which soon they find
Assembled in the oft frequented room
Of John Belov'd, and list'ning to his words.
“ The Lord is risen, (thus he aloud declar'd)
And hath appear'd to Simon, who now here
Will vouch the wondrous fact.”

“ O friends, (the two,
James and Cleopas then took up the word)
The Lord indeed is risen, as we know,
And was reveal'd to us at Emmaus,
As bread he took, and brake, and gave to us.
Along the road whilst yet we knew him not,
His gracious words had cheer'd our sinking hearts,
And rous'd our slumb'ring faith. But scarce our eyes

Were open'd to discern our Lord belov'd,
Ere in a mode incomprehensible,
He vanish'd from our sight."

Joy and surprise,
With doubts and fears still mingling in their breasts,
Now fill'd each heart, and oft renew'd, they hear
From Peter, and the favour'd two their tale;
Whilst oft they question'd each particular,
And circumstance narrated. Still perplex'd,
Their minds in ling'ring, slow suspense are held.

Thus pass'd their time th' eleven: when lo! a
twelfth
Is added to their number, though clos'd doors,
Still clos'd remain'd, and op'ning none appear'd,
Whereby a stranger might admittance gain.
Their Lord they saw, and heard his greeting kind,
"All peace and happiness be yours, my friends."
Affright and terror seiz'd on every pow'r,
And conjur'd up in their fantastic forms,

The vain chimeras of a panic dread;
Till Jesus thus address'd them.

“ Why do thoughts
Of sad dismay arise within your hearts?
Behold my hands and feet, whose healed wounds
Declare my presence in corporeal form,
And not in spirit merely, as your fears
Vainly imagine. Handle me and see.
A spirit hath not flesh and bones like these.
Reach hither now thy finger, (thus he spake
To unbelieving Thomas who refus'd
All evidence, save that of his own touch)
And mark full well the jagged, widening rent
Along the palm now closing; then thy hand
Place on my pierced side, and doubt no more.”

Conviction seiz'd the harden'd heart so long
Clos'd against truth. Thomas, on bended knees,
Transported with astonishment and joy,
Cried out in ecstasy, “ My Lord! my God!

Thee I confess th' incarnate Deity,
And worship thee, the great Immanuel."

With mild rebuke, the Saviour then replied,
"Thou hast indeed believ'd, because thou'st seen,
And I have given thee all thy doubting heart
Requir'd of evidence, that might dispel
Thine unbelief; but blessed shall they be,
Who in my name believing, shall rejoice
With humble hope, and when no more I'm seen,
Shall trust my saving pow'r, and love my grace.
For you, my friends, may sacred peace attend
Your future steps. Behold, I send you forth,
My witnesses to men. As thus I breathe
Upon you now in token of the gift,
Receive the Holy Spirit. He shall work
With mighty pow'r within you, and direct
Your hearts into all truth. Whose sins soe'er
Ye shall remit, they are to them forgiv'n;
But whose unpardon'd sins ye shall retain
For indignation and the day of wrath,

They are retain'd, as that o'erwhelming day
Shall surely shew. Blest are the faithful souls,
Who shall believe your words, and earnest cry
For pardon through my blood; but woe awaits
The workers of iniquity who shun
The light of heav'nly truth.

With sacred joy,
And wonder at his sov'reign pow'r and grace,
The hearts of all were fill'd as thus he spake;
Whilst, condescending to remove all doubt,
He ask'd for meat, and of a broiled fish,
With honey of the honeycomb partook,
And ate before them. Then, whilst they prepar'd
To utter some expression of their love
And grateful adoration, he withdrew.

With faith confirm'd, they seek their several homes
And heav'nly peace dispels each anxious doubt.
Yet oft they meet to speak of Him they love,
And oft his presence find: whether for food,

In honest occupation, on the sea,
Tiberias nam'd, they cast the circling net
Without success, till at his bidding thrown,
When the strain'd, bursting cords, and sinking ship,
Fill'd with the finny prey, declare his pow'r;
Or whether, seated at the genial board,
His kind and gracious doctrine they attend.
Then, Peter, didst thou hear the searching words
Repeated thrice: "O Simon, Jona's son,
Lovest thou me?" for thrice thou hadst denied
Thy Lord forsaken; now thou canst appeal,
"O thou who knowest all things, know'st my heart,
My inmost, secret, thoughts; thou know'st the love
I bear thee."—"Feed my sheep," the Saviour said;
"And nurse for me the young and tender lambs,"
He added who ne'er breaks the bruised reed,
Nor quenches the least spark of sacred love,
That first is kindled in the youthful breast.

Or whether to the Galilean mount
They bend their course, obedient to their Lord,

Who had appointed there to meet once more
His faithful followers. Lo! he appears,
As on the road with cheerful feet they pass,
(Thus he still deigns to bless obedient hearts
With his all-gracious presence) and they hear,
With sacred joy, the words his lips pronounce.
When all had reach'd the destin'd hill, and view'd
Tiberias's waves beneath their feet,
More than five hundred faithful souls were found,
Who prostrate worshipp'd their Redcemer God;
Though some indeed had doubted ere they heard
His peace-inspiring truths. "Behold," he said,
"Thus it is written, thus did it behove,
The Sent of God should suffer and should die,
And the third day rise from the slumb'ring tomb,
That in his name repentance might be preach'd,
And promises of pardon far and wide
Proclaim'd amongst all nations. Let the sound
First in Jerusalem be heard, and there,
Let those who shed my blood, first know my grace.
All pow'r in heaven is mine, and on this earth

'Tis mine to reign. This henceforth shall ye know,
And testify to men. Behold! I send
Ere long the promise of my Father's love.
For John indeed with water did baptize;
But on your heads, the Spirit shall descend
With quick'ning pow'r, and sanctifying grace.
Meantime remain in yon devoted town
Until ye be endu'd with pow'r from heav'n.
Then go to all the world and preach my grace,
Teaching all nations, and baptizing them
In the adorable, united name
Of the Almighty Father, and the Son,
And the Eternal Spirit of all Truth.
He that believes your word, and is baptiz'd,
He shall be sav'd; but who with harden'd heart
Believeth not, damnation shall o'ertake.

“ My pow'r shall still accompany your word,
Which all shall know, who joyfully receive,
With cordial faith, the truths ye will declare.
Such, in my name, the devils shall command

To quit the bodies they have long possess'd,
And devils shall obey with trembling awe.
In unknown tongues with ready pow'r to speak,
My Spirit shall endow them. They shall seize
Unhurt, the deadly asp, or drink the juice
From baleful herbs in pois'nous drops distill'd:
Their healing ouch shall from the sick couch
raise
The languid frame, and feeble, palsied limbs;
And all shall see that pow'r divine, and grace,
Attend the tidings ye shall then make known."

Thus spake the Saviour, and his words inspir'd
A sacred peace and all-subduing faith.
To Salem's gates they turn their joyful feet,
And patient wait the promis'd, heav'nly boon.

Its fortieth course the flaming orb of day
Had counted, since on Calvary's cruel mount
It view'd its author stretched upon the cross,
And shrunk abash'd, in solemn darkness veil'd.

Now like a bridegroom drest in bright array,
Rejoicing in his strength, prepar'd to run
His heav'nly circuit, o'er the hills he rides
And ushers in the morn. A saered joy
Transports all nature, woods and hills rejoice;
The valleys smile in richest verdure gay,
Whilst lowing herds and bleating flocks resound.
Is it to greet the source of light and heat,
As from the chambers of the east he pours
His joy-inspiring rays o'er distant worlds?
No, at the foot of Olivet behold
The world's great Maker, Man's Redeemer, comes,
The mount ascending, with slow measur'd steps,
Surrounded by his faithful followers.

Th' extremest hill they seek, where Bethany
Just rises to the view, the boundary
Of that lov'd town and distriet, where full oft
The Saviour had display'd his wondrous pow'r,
And still the ties of friendship bound his heart.
Where the lov'd sisters of his Lazarus

Yet peaceful dwelt. The furthest verge they reach.
Adoring, all now view the godlike Man,
Array'd in heav'nly Majesty and Grace,
Meekness, and sacred Truth, and Righteousness,
And Mercy all divine. He seem'd as though
Some wondrous act he were about to shew
To their admiring eyes. And thus they spake,
Whilst their hearts bounded with exulting hope :
“ Lord, wilt thou now to Israel restore
Her ancient glory and her government,
As erst, when o'er her enemies she rul'd,
And God was known on earth as Judah's king?”

Alas! they little knew the glorious pow'r
Of God's eternal kingdom, far beyond
The pomp and pageantry of earthly lords,
And all their gayest splendours. When they spake
The Saviour thus replied. “ 'Tis not for you
To know the times and seasons, which your God
Reserves in secret council, and alone
Doth order in his universal sway.

My kingdom shall indeed proceed on earth,
And reign triumphant over every foe,
And ye shall reign with me. But now await
The promise of my Father. Ye shall soon,
Baptiz'd by sacred influence from above,
Receive the Holy Spirit. He shall guide
Your minds into all truth, arm you with might
To overcome the pow'rs of Earth and Hell,
And safe conduct you to your heav'nly rest."
Then stretching forth his hands, whilst mercy beam'd
Around his sacred form, "Bless'd, bless'd are ye,
My friends," he said. "Fear not the Tempter's rage,
But trust my pow'r, and boldly preach my name
Throughout Jerusalem and all Judea;
Then to Samaria's towns direct your feet,
Nor stay your course till through the earth is spread
The gospel of my kingdom. Be ye true,
And faithful unto death. I will bestow
Crowns of immortal life, and endless joy,
On your devoted heads; and ye shall sit
Exalted on my throne, even as I

Have overcome, and go to the right hand
Of my almighty, heav'nly Father's throne."
Thus saying, upwards from the earth he rose,
Majestic pass'd before their wond'ring eyes,
And a bright cloud receiv'd him from their sight.

All Heav'n was bow'd to meet the conqu'ring King
In his triumphant chariot borne aloft.
Angels, authorities, and powers descend,
With Cherubim, and Seraph, and the host
Of Spirits who before the throne of God,
Praise without ceasing the almighty name.
On either side the glorious Son they range
Their marshall'd ranks, bright as the solar orb,
Fair as the lucid moon, and terrible
As a victorious army to their foes.

Heav'n was unpeopled, and the majesty
Of the eternal Father was discern'd,
O'ershadowing the mighty Conqueror;
Whilst the blest Spirit shed abroad his grace,

Mildly attemp'ring each too dazzling ray,
Which from the Filial presence beam'd around.

Soon as the heav'nly gates on high appear,
These words resounded through th' innum'rous host,
“ Lift up your heads, ye everlasting doors,
And let the King of Glory enter in.”
Responsive then a choir cherubic sang,
“ Who is the King of Glory? even He,
The Lord of Hosts, who by his mighty pow'r,
Hath conquer'd in the battle, and subdued
By his own strength, the pow'rs of Sin and Hell.”
Then o'er the heav'ns resounded yet again
One universal anthem, “ Ope your gates,
Ye everlasting bounds, behold your King,
The sov'reign Lord of Glory enters in.”

Now through the arch of Heav'n high-rais'd,
the host
Accompany the mighty Prince of Peace,
Who passing upward to the throne of God,

On the right hand of Glory plac'd himself.
Adoring, all the hierarchy of Heav'n
Cast at his feet their crowns, and worship Him,
Prostrate before the throne, whilst joy, and praise,
And sacred rapture spread o'er all the plains.
In alleluias sweet they chaunt their oliss,
And still in song melodious breathe their joys.

Oh ! let the sound from Heav'n to Earth descend;
And Man, for whom He died, attune his voice
To sing his wondrous grace. Nor thou, my soul,
Forget his benefits; but ever praise
And magnify His name, who hath redeem'd,
By his own blood flowing on Calvary's mount,
Thee, lost and ruin'd, from the depths of Hell;
Hath shewn thee His salvation, and to thee
Reveal'd His love divine. O ever raise
To Him thy feeble voice in grateful lays.
Too blest, should he behold with gracious smile
Thy vain attempt to speak his boundless praise.
Too blest, when he shall condescend to own

The work his Spirit wrought upon thy heart.
O, may the sacred flame for ever burn
Within thy breast—new energies impart
To all thy pow'rs—and love to Him ne'er cease
But with thy being. May thy life on earth,
Be Christ in thee—be one, continuous act
Of cheerful homage to thy Father's will.
And when from thy probation thou art call'd,
Mayst thou be found in Him; not having on
Thy righteousness, which not deserves the name,
And a defiled garment would appear
Before the spotless sanctity of Heav'n;
But that resplendent robe thy Saviour wrought,
Which is of God by faith in his own Son.
Then through eternal ages shall thy song
Ne'er cease to praise thy great Redeemer's name.


Let all who love the Son, in patience wait
That glorious day, when he shall so descend,
As he hath once ascended; when with pow'r
Almighty to destroy his enemies,

And sov'reign grace for those who trust his name,
And look for his appearing, He shall come,
To be admir'd in all his saints; whilst foes,
Who would not know the mercy of their God,
In vain shall seek for shelter from his wrath.
Then, when these elements shall quick dissolve
In fervent heat; when earth's corrupted soil,
Struck by the lightning of almighty wrath,
To ruin hurl'd, shall blaze a holocaust;
When men and devils dread impending doom;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, in joyful faith,
And know that your redemption draweth nigh.
Your slumb'ring dust, rous'd by the trumpet's sound,
Shall wake to life immortal, and be form'd
Like to the glorious body of your Lord.
Whilst far beneath your bounding feet ye see
This world in flames, the Judge on high appears
In all his glory, seated on his throne
Of dazzling purity. Angelic myriads
Around him stand, or move at his command,
Obedient to his nod. On either hand

They range the countless multitude of men ;
The good and bad divided, e'en as sheep
From goats are mark'd beneath the shepherd's eye ;
And thus, before assembled worlds is heard
The voice of him who died for guilty man :
“ Depart, ye cursed, into flames prepar'd
(Of fire unquenchable) for all the host
Of Satan and his legions; with them dwell,
Nor see my face for ever. I was faint
For lack of food, no meat did ye bestow,
Nor drink to cool my thirst. Ye cloth'd me not,
Though pinch'd with winter's cold. In prison east,
Wasting with pining sickness, ye ne'er came
T' administer to my necessity;
For inasmuch as ye have never done
These things to them who follow'd me on earth,
To me ye have not done them. Hence, depart
To everlasting shame and base contempt:

Then to the chosen on his right hand plac'd,
“ Come now, ye blessed of my Father's grace,

Inherit all that kingdom long prepar'd
For your reception ere the worlds were made.
For I was naked, and ye clothed me,
Hungry and thirsty, and ye gave me food,
Sick and in prison, and ye kindly came
To seek me out with gen'rous, constant care;
For whatsoever for the least ye've done
Of these, my brethren, ye have done for me;
Enter and dwell for ever with your Lord."



POSTSCRIPT.

IT may, perhaps, by some be thought necessary to observe, that in the foregoing work, in which certainly the author does not particularly aim at originality of conception, the following expressions and lines are adopted from other writers; there may also be found similar instances which have not immediately occurred to his recollection:

P. 1. line 1. celestial Dove.—*Watts.*

38. 2. form more lovely fair.—*Milton.*

43. 11. And spend the happy day, or share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the bounties of our God.—*Watts.*

42. 11. Glow'd with one love, with one resentment burn'd.

112. 17. And twilight glimmer'd in the purple east.

121. 1. the melancholy joy.

140. 10. Seem'd wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best.

Milton.

159. 7. dipt in heav'n.

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